SATURDAY REVIEW OF RECORDINGS FOR JULY

Saturday Review of Literature

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Evelyn Waugh, author of "The Loved One." *(See page 9)*

Kindling for Global Gehenna

By LEWIS MUMFORD

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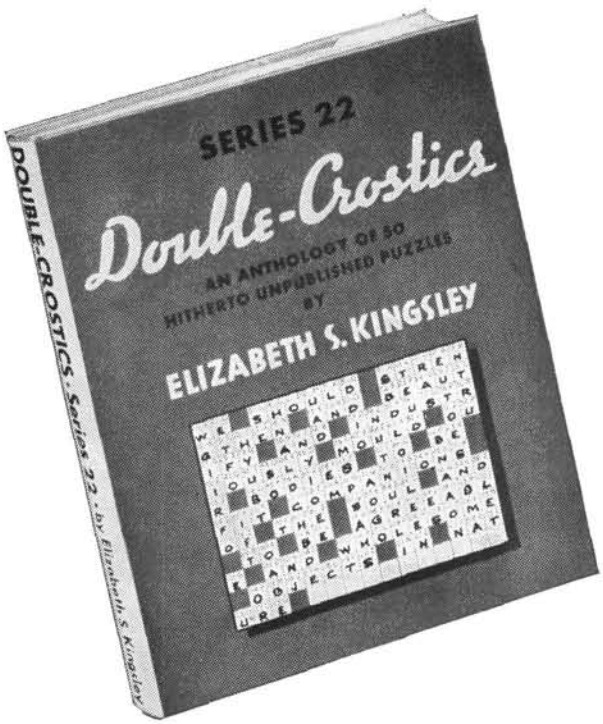

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This Week

June 26, 1948

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Articles

PAGE

KINDLING FOR GLOBAL GEHENNA
By Lewis Mumford..... 7

SRL RECORDINGS FOR JULY.....35

Reviews

THE LOVED ONE
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman.. 9

BULLIVANT AND THE LAMBS
Reviewed by Richard McLaughlin 10

THE WEATHER BREEDER
Reviewed by Laura Benét.....11

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH
Reviewed by Nathan L. Rothman.11

LINCOLN AND THE WAR GOVERNORS
Reviewed by J. G. Randall.....12

WARPATH AND COUNCIL FIRE
Reviewed by William Duncan Strong 13

THE INDIANS OF THE AMERICAS
Reviewed by Ward Shepard.....13

STORY OF THE NEGRO
Reviewed by Roi Ottley.....14

FOLK SONG: U. S. A.
THE PEOPLE'S SONG BOOK
Reviewed by Horace Reynolds...15

JOURNEY INTO FAITH
Reviewed by Willard L. Sperry..16

ALL OUR YEARS
Reviewed by George Dangerfield.17

RIDGE RUNNER
Reviewed by Pamela Taylor....18

BARBED-WIRE SURGEON
Reviewed by Bertram D. Lewin, M.D......18

THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN NOVEL
Reviewed by Robert E. Spiller....19

CHAUCER'S WORLD
Reviewed by Milton L. Zisowitz..19

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF IMAGINATION
Reviewed by Siegfried Kracauer.22

THE PATTERN OF IMPERIALISM
Reviewed by Martin Ebon.....23

PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE
Reviewed by Leonard W. Doob..24

WESTWARD THE DREAM
Reviewed by Edwin Seaver.....25

THE MILL ON MAD RIVER
Reviewed by Bradford Smith....27

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf..... 4

LITERARY CRYPT 17

EDITORIAL 20

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....21

LITERARY I.Q. 22

MY CURRENT READING
By Frank Stanton.....24
By Erich Leinsdorf.....41

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....30

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 744.....34

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IT IS NOW twenty years since the completion in 1928 of the main work on the *Oxford English Dictionary*. When the members of the British Philological Society undertook the project of a completely new dictionary on historical principles in 1858, they little dreamed that it would be over seventy years in the making. They could not foresee that the tremendous scope of the work was to require six editors during its career, editors who would devote the greater part of their lives to its compilation. The *Dictionary*, the production of which was taken over by Oxford University Press in 1879, was the result in great part of the voluntary work of thousands of contributors, sub-editors, and proof-readers from many parts of the world.

The book was designed originally to follow along the historical principles of Johnson's dictionary, supplementing the latter with additional words, and employing increased facilities and a greater objectivity than had characterized the work of the learned, but frequently splenetic, Dr. Johnson.

The result was the appearance in 1928 of the complete *Oxford English Dictionary*. A supplement was subsequently issued containing new words introduced since the completion of the main work, a historical introduction, and a 100-page bibliography of the sources used. The *Dictionary* represents an investment of about $1,500,000. Its 16,500 pages contain about 500,000 definitions and 1,827,306 illustrative quotations—178 miles of type. There are 57,428 entries under the letter "S"; the word "set" and its compounds alone occupy some twenty-five pages.

The *Dictionary* treats of words covering a period of twelve centuries. In this way it records the complete history of the English language. It has clarified the meaning of many obscure passages in the older writers and has shed new light on passages which have formerly seemed too obvious to need explanation. It has indicated the source of many a writer's vocabulary; Swift, for example, drew the nautical terms he used in describing the second voyage of Gulliver almost entirely from *Sturmy's Mariner's Magazine* of 1669. The *Dictionary* has been used to settle disputes in court cases and in Parliament; the subject of innumerable lectures and editorials, it has been a working tool for writers, critics, philologists, and students.

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TRADE Winds

FRANCIS OUIMET, the Brookline caddy of 1913 who beat England's great Vardon and Ray for the U. S. open championship, and made golf a major sport in America virtually overnight, is now an imposing figure in his community, and an author to boot. Blue Ribbon has published his "New Illustrated Rules of Golf." Duffers who are not above kicking their ball out of a hole in the rough (when their opponent is on the other side of the fairway) or forgetting to count that third shot in the trap off the green, need not worry too much over Mr. Ouimet's reminders. Take the rule, for instance covering a shot that smacks a tree, and then hits the player on the rebound. In match play, he loses the hole. In medal play, he is charged with two additional strokes. What fiend got a rule like that onto the books?

A couple of years ago Harold Williams, the modish vice president, divot digger, and crab grass grower of the American News Company, was locked in combat with a book publisher on the links. All even on the seventeenth fairway, the publisher uncorked a thirty-two-yard brassie shot that caressed an oak tree gently on the fly, and bounced right back into his hands. He dropped the ball carefully into a good lie, and said to Williams, "Of course, you won't make me take a penalty for this?" "Okay," agreed Williams reluctantly, "but after your next shot, see that you put your hands in your pockets." . . .

I NEVER WILL FORGET the day I sold Harold Williams James Joyce's "Ulysses." The famous decision of Judge Woolsey finally had made its publication legal in the United States, and Random House, embarked on a general trade book program for less than a year, saw visions of its initial resounding best seller. I entered the sumptuous office of Childe Harold with a dummy under my arm, and hope high in my heart. "At last," I exclaimed, "we have a book on which the American News can go to town! The sale of 'Ulysses' will even bring a smile to the lips of Mr. Combie in your Boston branch."

Harold chewed thoughtfully on a plug of Piper Heidsick, and said, "I'm not so sure. I don't think it's our kind of book. Let's say two hundred and fifty for a starter."

My reaction was violent. "You must be crazy, Harold," I blurted, and, whipping off my coat, settled down to do some tall persuading. Williams grinned, and admonished, "No need getting yourself worked up on a hot day like this. Say we raise the order to five hundred."

Again I protested, and again Williams let himself be persuaded. This time he went to a thousand. Ten minutes later he had reached twenty-five hundred. Finally, when I practically had lost my voice, he relented completely, "Benvenuto," he announced (that has been his name for me since the day I first met him in his Barclay Street stockroom, up to his neck in copies of Gene Stratton Porter's "The White Flag")—"Benvenuto, for your sake, we will take a huge gamble. Make it five thousand copies." (Bear in mind that this order was for the main office and all the branches of the American News Company.)

I mopped my brow, and relaxed with satisfaction. "What a salesman you are," I told myself. "You certainly swept this human iceberg off his pins." Williams thereupon opened his desk drawer, and handed me an order for "Ulysses" that had been made out an hour before I entered his office.

It was for five thousand copies.

"That's a mighty big order," Harold reminded me. "I thought I'd let you work for it." . . .

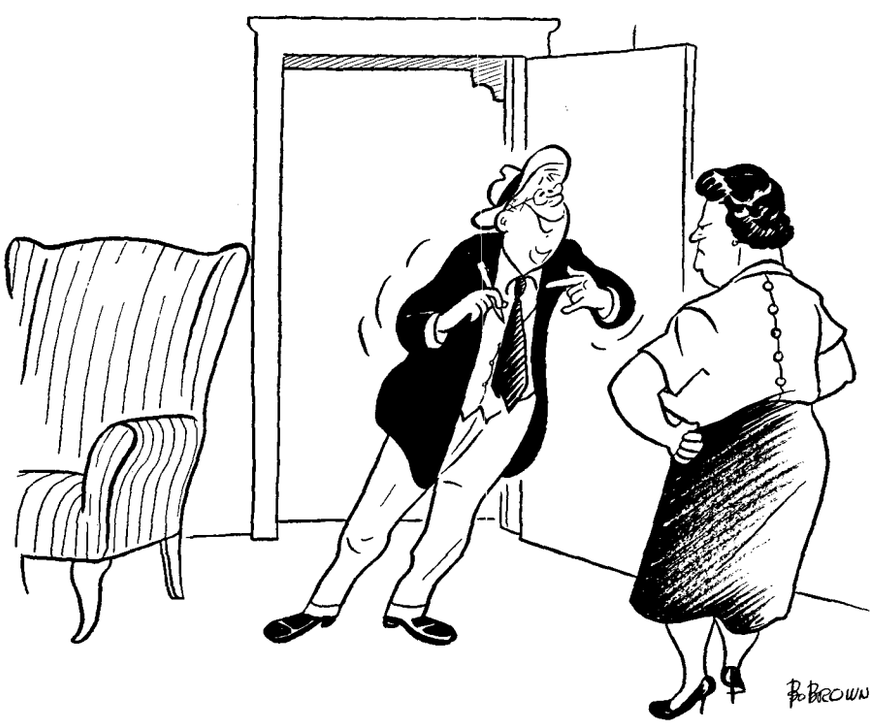
THE INIMITABLE ADAM BURGER of Harper once called on a crotchety buyer in the Middlewest who never ordered more than two copies of a new book, but felt duty bound to criticize every volume offered for his inspection for at least ten minutes before going on with the list. His office was in the rear of the store, and Adam noticed that the window next to his desk was open. He stationed a confederate outside, and then went in to show the buyer his fall line.

The buyer was in mid-season form. As he leafed through each book, he would grumble, "I should say not!," or, "Junk—unadulterated junk," or, "You insult my intelligence even by asking me to look at stuff like this." Every time he turned down a book, Burger picked it up and nonchalantly tossed it out of the window. The buyer finally registered surprise. "Aren't those your samples?" he asked. "Why are you throwing them away?"

"My friend," Burger assured him gravely, "any book you don't want to buy, Harper doesn't want to publish." . . .

BETSEY BARTON, AUTHOR of "The Long Walk" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), and Thomas Sugrue, author of "Stranger in the Earth" (Holt), share an outstanding characteristic with the late F.D.R.: physical disability, far from blighting their careers, served only to strengthen their resolves and sharpen their perceptions. It is a pleasure to report that both of their books are solid successes. . . . Tom Sugrue has sent me the following letter:

> A writer lives on the richest food in the world, creative imagination. What would you say is his average income, counting the years of strug-



"What d'ya know . . . it writes under beer, too!"

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gle, the periods he lives on his friends, the decade during which his wife goes back to her job "to help out," the long stretches when he exists from one advance on royalties to another, and the declining years when he has lost his stuff but is able to ramble around doing lectures and selling an occasional piece to the magazines?

Well, anyhow, while reading the blurb on the dust jacket of "Stranger in the Earth" I discovered that I am supposed to be "a practical man of letters." That bothered me, since the only security I have ever known is the certainty that I shall burn with a blue flame in hell (those consumed by a blue flame in hell are guilty of unorthodox thinking). So I decided to do something about it. A few days ago a young man brought some copies of "Stranger in the Earth" to me and asked for my autograph. While I was signing them he went to a table and picked up a set of unbound sheets of the book, which I was about to throw away. "Do you know where I might get one of these early copies?" the young man said. "I would pay anything for it. I am a collector of first editions and this is to me very valuable." I decided to give it to him, but said nothing at the moment, being concerned with scribbling my name in the finished copies he had brought.

When I was finished I inquired politely as to the origin of his passion for first editions. He explained that it was a natural thirst, and that it was in no way connected with his business, which was haberdashery. I then told him I needed clothes for the summer, which I shall spend at Clearwater Beach, Florida. He said he had them, and, keeping a firm grip on the fact that I am "a practical man of letters," I made a deal. For the unbound sheets, a set of galleys, and a set of sheets of Rabbi Solomon Goldman's "The Book of Books," plus a first edition of Toynbee's "A Study of History," I received a summer wardrobe.

I now consider myself to be truly a practical man of letters, and I am not going to tell you the young collector's name, because I do not want him to be bothered by every writer

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On the publication day of "Where I Was Born and Raised," Greenville, Mississippi, where Mr. Cohn was born and raised, celebrated with a DAVID L. COHN DAY, formally proclaimed by the mayor. On the evening of that day, Mr. Cohn made a speech which has been printed by the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was introduced by Pulitzer Prize Winner Hodding Carter who said: "David Cohn is the only writer I know who can make sociology read like an adventure novel."

The press has borne out Greenville's pride in her native son.

Harnett T. Kane said in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*: " . . . a rich volume, first to last, sometimes stirring, sometimes warming, a combination of yarn-telling, sharp description and philosophy. It has flavor—the hot languid evenings of the teeming alluvial land, the seething emotions of floodtime, the lazy words of white man and Negro discussing everything from corn to sin."

Herschel Brickell said in *The Saturday Review of Literature*: "To achieve his picture and to make it come close to the truth, Mr. Cohn gives us the essence of people, not statistics. He presents race relations in all their infinity of shadings and contradictions, and does not tell the biggest lie of all by trying to pretend that they can be simplified."

AND *TIME* SAYS, "THIS BOOK IS LIKE AN EVENING OF MELLOW TALK OVER BOURBON AND WATER."

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and editor in town. But the next time you send me a set of sheets, think not only of the pleasure I will derive from reading the book, but the bow-tie or pocket handkerchief it well may bring in what at present is the only active book market in town. . . .

THE FOLLOWING ANECDOTE goes far to explain why Jack Kapp, of Decca Records, is top man in his industry.

Kapp and his wife Frieda were at home one evening watching on their television set the Madison Square Garden rally that celebrated the birth of Israel. Before dispersing, the audience rose and spontaneously sang "Hatikvoh," which has been adopted as the national anthem of Israel. It is a stirring song and the singers poured their hearts into it.

Kapp, deeply moved, rushed to the telephone and contacted Al Jolson. "You must record 'Hatikvoh' immediately," he cried. Jolson protested that he couldn't speak Hebrew, but a little thing like that didn't deter Kapp. Within forty-eight hours, Jolson had been persuaded to learn the words by rote, an arrangement was made, a chorus trained—and a recording made in the Decca studios. Jolson remained lukewarm until he heard the actual record. Then he burst into tears. Furthermore, he produced a copy of a song called "Israel"—an old familiar Jewish folk song with a new set of lyrics. The song was recorded for the reverse side of the "Hatikvoh" platter.

In the following five days, forty thousand copies of this record were sold—and that is only a beginning. Jolson himself is its best salesman. He is making personal appearances on one disc-jockey program after another, without recompense, to spread its fame. An attraction like Jolson—for free—is a disc-jockey's dream of heaven.

To a journalist returned from Palestine, I remarked, "Maybe it's songs like this that have inspired the Jews to put up such a terrific fight in the field. Certainly they haven't got enough ammunition." "What do you mean, they haven't got enough ammunition," he answered. "They're buying all they want from the Arabs. Abdullah's been on the Jewish payroll for years!" I was brought up on "Alice in Wonderland," but this was too much for me. BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Kindling for Global Gehenna

LEWIS MUMFORD

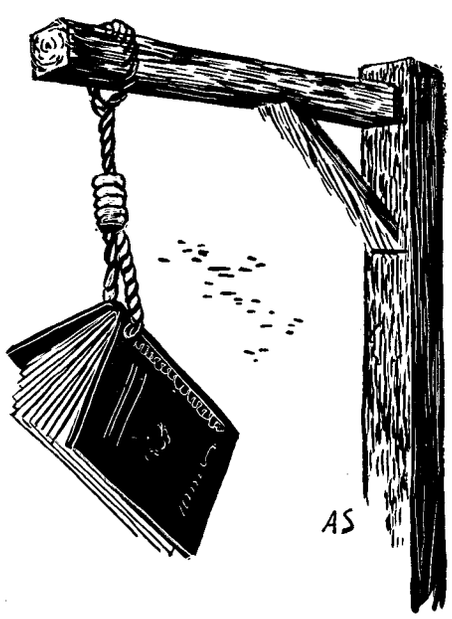
—*Helen Post.*
Lewis Mumford

BEFORE we discuss the moral breakdown that has taken place in Western civilization it would be wise, perhaps, to distinguish what has happened in our time from parallel events in other societies, so that we may dwell more fully on what is peculiar to our own special situation.

In all organisms, upbuilding processes and breaking down processes are constantly taking place; and what is true of life in general, is likewise true of man's moral life. There has never been a period when certain symptoms of moral breakdown could not be detected; for even a stable and apparently integrated system of morality may, by its very stability, fail to meet the problems and pressures of a developing society; and out of its rigidity may contribute to its moral decay. You will easily recognize this as a peril that has overtaken one great religious movement after another.

What matters for the health of society is which set of processes is dominant, whether those making for integration, for development, for emergence onto a higher plane, or those making for disintegration and degeneration. Certain aspects of social behavior which were exhibited mainly by a small aristocratic class in the eighteenth century, such as the atomism of the family and a general looseness and irresponsibility in marital relations have now spread over much wider areas. Yet, though the devaluation of domesticity has had profound effects upon our social order, it seems to me that this fact and many others like it are mere by-products of a far more deep-seated disorder that has manifested itself in many other departments. It is to the nature of the underlying phenomena of disintegration that I would direct your attention.

The moral breakdown in our civilization has manifested itself in at least three ways. Philosophically, this breakdown discloses itself in a cult of nihilism, a cult which denies the fundamental discriminations between good and bad, between higher and lower, which are the very bases of human development. Politically, the moral breakdown has brought with it the debasement of justice and the disregard of law, since if law is mainly an assertion of the interests of the powerful and the state itself a mere engine of violence to serve the ruling class, if those who govern are not bound by law and under continuous moral judgment of their fellows, then physical force must displace moral authority. The notion that justice is but the mask of power was formulated by Thrasymachus, in Plato's "Republic," just before another period of social disintegration; and that same notion has now spread from dynamic leaders like Lenin and Hitler to many remote corners of our society. As a consequence, terrorism, torture, and arbitrary compulsion have been elevated, in many states, into normal methods of political government.



The cult of nihilism has thus issued into a cult of violence; and we should deceive ourselves if we clung to the belief that these results have appeared solely in totalitarian countries.

FORCE, which should be the last resort of law, employed only when reason and moral authority have ceased to operate, now shows its hand at a much earlier state: wartime habits have thus been carried over almost automatically into our peacetime activities, so that people who have reached maturity after 1914 have no direct experience of the free practices of men and nations as they existed at that time, when the mere pressure of public opinion, openly expressed in the press of the world, could compel a strong government like that of Germany to make public amend for a single act of arbitrary violence committed against one of its own citizens. I refer to the once famous Zabern incident. This brings us to a third set of symptoms, which indicates the general breakdown: we are faced in many areas with the dissolution of long-established habits of communication, communion, and cooperation, the narrowing of intercourse to people of the same isolated nation, race, or class: not merely the wiping out of previously achieved understandings and collaborations, but the raising of positive barriers of an almost impenetrable character, barriers which operate against the interchange of opinions and the free flow of ideas, to say nothing of more commonplace traffic.

During the century before 1914 our planet had become, to a degree that had never been reached before, a single unit; indeed a world community, beyond the limits of all previous tribalisms, nationalisms, and imperialisms, was shaping itself. Up to this time, men of all sorts and con-

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ditions, from the scholar, the actor, or the financier to the harvest hand and the hotel waiter, traveled in peace and security throughout the planet, without passports, permissions, or visas, without any other credential than the fact that they were human beings and their fellows trusted them as human beings. Before the First World War, only two old despotisms, Turkey and Russia, were closed to such free movement. Contrast that state with today. In our time every country—and our own United States foremost among them—has regressed to the original status of Turkey and Russia, surrounding itself with an iron curtain which, if far more diaphanous than that of Soviet Russia, is by comparison with our own previous state, formidably opaque. This process began with our Asiatic exclusion laws; and it has now reached a point where people of the strictest honor and moral impeccability may not be permitted to leave this country for any private reason whatever, merely because they possess scientific or technical knowledge deemed of military value. Today, in the name of military security, even science, that ecumenical movement of the mind, has lost many of its cooperative international attributes.

NOW, many forces, processes, and ideas have brought about this situation; and for the sake of clarity I propose to address myself mainly to those elements that derive from the world of ideas, or have had direct ideological consequences.

If we are to further the processes of upbuilding, the first essential, perhaps, is to make a more accurate diagnosis of the disease that confronts us. There is a natural tendency to throw the main burden for what has happened upon war itself; and I will presently point out certain other ways, besides those I've just mentioned, in which war has been an active element in our moral disintegration. But I would emphasize that this is by no means the whole truth about our present situation; for it overlooks certain essential facts. The first fact is that social phenomena, almost without exception, are the result of a multitude of converging and interacting causes, visible and invisible; and therefore to single out any one of them—as the Marxians do in their economic interpretation of history or as the old-time theologians did in their providential interpretation of history—is by that very act to misread the nature of human society itself. War is both a product of earlier corruption and a producer of new corruption; and we would do ill to attribute to war alone the breakdown that was visible to penetrating observers from one to two generations earlier, when most Western people still thought that an era of peace and progress, permanent peace and permanent progress, had already dawned.

For the fact is that our moral breakdown had long been under way. As far back as the 1860's, the Swiss historian Jacob Burckhardt prophesied the coming of a new order of barbarians, people whom he called the Terrible Simplifiers, who would institute the rule of a single party and govern Western society by applications of force and terror on a scale no one had ever used before. Burckhardt, with a surgical coolness, revealed the many weaknesses of modern bourgeois, liberal, capitalist civilization, where more complacent minds saw only evidences of its continued strength and its developing power and authority. And Burckhardt's analysis was carried further, just a little more than a generation ago—around 1905 in fact—by Henry Adams who, observing the same facts at a later stage, predicted that as things were going then it needed less than half a century before—I quote his exact words now—"law . . . would disappear as a theory or *a priori* principle and give place to force. Morality would become police. Explosives would reach cosmic violence. Disintegration would overcome integration."

WE HAVE lived to see the grave accuracy of Burckhardt's and Adams's predictions. Both the barbarians and the explosives of cosmic violence are in our midst; and we need not project on potential enemies overseas those capacities to inflict mass extermination which we ourselves have already practised and are even now preparing to practise further, on an unbelievable scale—or, rather, what would once have been an unbelievable scale, if every magnitude of butchery, inhumanity, or deviltry had not in fact been already practised before our eyes.

In the same decade as Burckhardt another writer, Dostoievsky, in his "Letters from the Underworld," described in anticipation the new type of personality that would emerge from this demoralized and dehumanized society: a personality in which self-contempt and self-hatred would turn outward in the form of a paranoid pride and a gloating delight in active cruelty practised upon the weak and the helpless: a type that prophetically anticipated the actual character, at once infantile and satanic, of a Hitler, a Goebbels, a Goering, a Himmler, to say nothing of their numerous disciples and followers, whom they were able to draw even from the ranks of scientists and physicians. In those "Letters from the Underworld," so much deeper in their reading of the blacker aspects of the human soul than almost any other later documents in either science or literature, Dostoievsky foretold the moment when cruelty might be introduced to alleviate boredom, as Cleopatra had stuck golden pins into a slave's breast for the mere pleasure of it.

We need not turn to the bestial records of Belsen and Auschwitz for confirmation of Dostoievsky's insight. Even in circles where such savage acts are not practised openly, Dos-

(*Continued on page* 29)

Query for Today

By Gerhard Friedrich

WILL YOUR silken and iron curtains,
Which deftly divide a docile world
Into spheres of exclusive influence,
So much as hinder the flights of migrating
Birds who stir and streak south or stream north
With each season of change?

Will your secret emergency councils
And all your uneasy proclamations
Ward off the sudden test of a whirlwind
As it sweeps onward and, many-pinioned,
Uproots here a proud tree,
Unroofs there a house, in a trice?

Or will the threats of your more-than-modern
Powerful guided missiles
Frighten away the one Holy Ghost
Who, on silent wings, forever glides over
The unrighteous and the self-righteous
And loves and judges them both?

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Fiction. *That there are few contemporary American satirists who can compete with English writers is evidenced by two novels reviewed this week. The rumors that Evelyn Waugh's "The Loved One" was to be a vitriolic and brilliant attack on Hollywood's fabulous burial rites were less than just to a gruesome tale which mixes up the English colony of writers with mortuary antics. Ivy Compton-Burnett's satire on a stolid household of Victorian England belongs to another world; but it is just as refreshing and as effectively cynical. "Bullivant and the Lambs" betrays the kind of acid humor and realism that serious American novelists seem to lack—burlesque being their substitute.*

Angeleno Cult for the Dear Departed

THE LOVED ONE. By Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 164 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

AS A RESULT of the great popular success of "Brideshead Revisited," Evelyn Waugh paid a brief visit to that geographically indeterminate, but spiritually and industrially well-defined area—composed of scattered chunks of Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Culver City, and the San Fernando Valley—which is conveniently known as Hollywood. Mr. Waugh found Hollywood highly amusing, in a rather nasty way; and reports which have come East, by plane and super-train, make it clear that the inhabitants of Hollywood were in turn highly amused, in one way or another, by Mr. Waugh. The trade was not quite even, however, for they got nothing more tangible than fleeting entertainment from his visit, while he came away with the makings of an hilarious and grisly satire; a little jewel of a yarn, conceived in a commingling of fascination and nausea, etched in acid, and expertly executed with loving horror. But perhaps the trade is even, after all, for "The Loved One" is now no longer the exclusive property of its author. It belongs to all of us who can buy or borrow it, including purchasers and borrowers of the Hollywood community.

At the outset of any discussion of this gruesome frolic, one point should be made clear for the benefit of readers living east of the Sierra Madre, who might, without admonishment, labor under a serious misconception. "The Loved One" is, indeed, a result of Mr. Waugh's call to Culver City, but the institution round which the action of the story does its macabre dance is not a Hollywood creation. Or, to be more exact, the actual mortuary establishment, of which the novel's Whispering Glades is a coincidental replica, is not a Hollywood creation. It is a pure product of Angeleno culture. There is no place here in which to explain this extraordinary culture, beyond saying that its ingredients include more than a pinch of Iowa, and that its exponents are separated from the folk of The Motion Picture Industry by a social and ideological gulf, despite the residential juxtaposition of the two races. It is true that the great and small of filmland sometimes cross this gulf, to lie beneath the manicured turf or in the sacred niches of the resting place that Mr. Waugh calls Whispering Glades; but, when they do so, they come to a sanctuary that is not of their making, and repose among those who are not of their kind. This is, perhaps, a truth that Mr. Waugh himself did not realize, due to the shortness of his stay in Southern California. He may have thought he was specifically satirizing Hollywood when he was really satirizing Los Angeles; but even if he did make this mistake, and we cannot be sure that he did, it in no way affects the quality of his tale. "The Loved One" is, in any case, a thing of beauty and a horror forever.

What is the holiest creed in the canon of American business? The creed of Service. In what operation does this creed find its most exalted expression? Quite fittingly, in the final service that man performs for man. And in what part of the United States is this last service performed with a maximum of theatrical solemnity and commercial ingenuity? In Los Angeles, in the prosperous, preposterous establishment that Mr. Waugh calls Whispering Glades. It is at this high point precisely, at this Pacific pinnacle, that Mr. Waugh subjects American folkways (in their concentrated Angeleno manifestation) to the probing pressure of his satirical pen.

He begins by having a bit of fun

THE AUTHOR: Obviously talking through his bowler, Evelyn Waugh, ex-commando captain, 1935 Abyssinian *Daily Mail* correspondent, and No. 1-3 English novelist, dismisses himself as "quite dull." Now a stocky forty-four, he reports that his tailors, hairdressers, and hosiers "do all they can to render a naturally commonplace appearance completely inconspicuous. I live in a shabby stone house in the country, where nothing is under 100 years old except the plumbing, and that does not work. I collect old books in an inexpensive, desultory way. I have a fast-emptying cellar of wine and gardens fast reverting to jungle. I am very contentedly married. I have numerous children [four, last count], whom I see once a day for ten, I hope, awe-inspiring minutes. When I gadded, among savages and people of fashion and politicians and crazy generals, it was because I enjoyed them. I have settled down because I ceased to enjoy them and because I have found a more abiding interest—the English language." Lansing College inspired an ironical, undergraduate play. At Oxford he wrote for *Iris* and *Cherwell*. After a year of art school ("I have little talent") he became master of a private school as a declaration of economic independence from his father, publisher-critic Arthur Waugh. His first book, on Rossetti, was published in 1927. Next year with the satire "Decline and Fall" he took the spot with, if not from, his famous brother Alec. For nine years thereafter he traveled: Europe, Near East, Arctic, Africa, America. He wrote "A Handful of Dust," "Vile Bodies," "Black Mischief," "Put Out More Flags," "Edmund Campion," and "Brideshead Revisited." The last took him to Hollywood, whose sepultural refinements proved more fruitful than attempts to reconcile "Brideshead" with the film code. His promise that future works would "represent man in his relation to God" may be but quizzically fulfilled in "The Loved One." —R. G.

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with Hollywood's English colony, self-consciously determined to keep the flag flying and play the game, amidst native huts and native customs, on one of the far-flung frontiers of a dwindling empire; and he casts a glance into the busy vacuum which occupies the space where an innocent might look for the heart of a great picture studio; but he is soon off and away, with his *déclassé* hero, to a pet cemetery—the Happier Hunting Ground—and thence to the more sublime regions of Whispering Glades. Once young Dennis Barlow, British poet and ex-script-writer, has come in contact with the amazing necropolis created by The Dreamer, he has touched a magnet from which there is no withdrawal.

The beautiful Park, with its various zones, each planned round "an appropriate Work of Art," where the Loved Ones may rest at various prices; the administration building, churches, and chapels—all replicas of Old World structures; the Slumber-Rooms, where the Waiting Ones take leave of the Loved Ones, the latter posed either "on the chaise-longue or in the casket"; the efficient young lady on whose white smock the words *Mortuary Hostess* are embroidered "over her sharply supported left breast," and whose professional patter is a joy to the ear; the piped and pervasive music of the "Hindu Love Song"; the Before Need Provision Arrangements; the Lake Island of Innisfree—all these could hardly fail to fire the imagination of a poetic Britisher who has never known their like before. But when Dennis meets the deft and beautiful mortuary cosmetician who bears the apt name of Aimée Thanatogenos (a dedicated artist who can do wonders with Loved Ones fresh from the embalmers' hands), he is, indeed, a lost man.

The tale of his courtship and of his rivalry with the gifted Mr. Joyboy —a mighty virtuoso among morticians —must not be retold here. Too coarse a summarizing touch might reduce all its curious loveliness to a mere handful of dust. The publishers take the little story rather too seriously, I think, when they suggest that "the immense motives of love and death" may be found lurking at the novel's center. The book is, after all, a trifle. But it is a damnably clever trifle, which will be enjoyed by many readers, and condemned by others as being in the worst of taste. As for those who are constitutionally unfit to swallow this gruesome mixture of satire and fantasy, farce and grim realism, Mr. Waugh warns them off at the outset. "The squeamish," he declares, "should return their copies to the library or the bookstore unread."

Victorian Household, Upstairs and Back

BULLIVANT AND THE LAMBS. By I. Compton-Burnett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 299 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

OUR ENGLISH cousins across the sea have every reason to be proud of the writing talents of Ivy Compton-Burnett. Certainly the publication of her novel here will give cause for endless chuckles to those of us somewhat starved for original wit in our reading today. And to an even greater number Miss Compton-Burnett's conversation piece will come as a refresher in an era of stale and labored prose.

Perhaps if we could imagine E. Nesbit writing "The Bastable Children" with a pen dipped in vinegar or acid instead of treacle, we could visualize better Miss Compton-Burnett at her work desk. She writes about children and the people below stairs in a late Victorian household with as cynical an approach to life and the motives behind human behavior as we have ever encountered in all our readings of Saki, Peacock, and Swift. From the start we know that with Miss Compton-Burnett, although her touch may be light, and some of her dialogue might even be labelled delicious nonsense, her unfailing eye and penetrating wit will never miss a thing. What she is concerned with here might even be open to conjecture. One reader will possibly feel that Ivy Compton-Burnett has a deep-rooted contempt for the conventions of our age, and gets at all her pet dislikes and taboos by exposing the caste system of middle-class England only to come to the conclusion that there is not much choice between servants and their masters. Another may just as rightly feel convinced that the author is purely interested in the drama of every-day existence, and has written a highly profound book about singularly unprofound matters. Somewhere between these two poles of opinion undoubtedly lies the answer to Miss Compton-Burnett's rare charms and enviable gifts.

Of course it is entirely possible that some folk will become very angry with Miss Compton-Burnett, particularly readers who like to retain their illusions about life. Miss Compton-Burnett has few, if any; but what she has got is a healthy curiosity about human beings and what makes them tick. Also she knows her middle class English household intimately, and with her wonderful talent for a terse phrase, shows off people and places with a reality that does not do any injustice whatsoever to her economy. For example we would like to know what kind of a house the Lambs live in. There can be no doubt in our minds after such a description—"Good to look at, less good to live in. Large and light and chill, and furnished with few and stately things." The same is done for the various members of the household, both upstairs and in the servants' world. They are real from the moment they enter the scene; a word, a line, a snatch of conversation brings them to life-size shape—Horace Lamb, the tyrannical, miserly master—"Fire piled right up the chimney! Who is responsible?" said Horace, opening the door on his children. "And on a day when many people would not have a fire at all." —Bullivant, the omnipotent butler,— "We cannot choose our walk in life," said Bullivant, "and there would be many fewer, if we could. And that would not make for the balance of things." And the incomparable Cook, even Bullivant is in awe at the range of her language—"I was always one for expression. More than one has said to me that they would be glad of my power in the line. 'Thought falls short, Miss Selden, if there is not the wherewithal to clothe it' were the words of one."

Also there is Charlotte, Horace's wife,—"Are you always going to be against father now?" said Marcus to his mother. "Only when I think he is making a mistake. He has been so careful with my money for so long, that he forgets that I like to spend some of it on my children. Mothers do like to do that." And finally there are the children, who in their "hand-me-downs" and wretched state of fear and loathing for their father, present at once a frightening and pathetic picture. Precocious, somewhat evil, they speak their minds and reveal the depths to which Miss Compton-Burnett has explored the dim, festering recesses of the nursery world. It is no wonder that two of the four children should plot their father's death, or that Horace Lamb should call them, "a pack of little cynics!" "We are

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getting more like other children," said Marcus. "But I think we know more about things than they do. It seems that the less people have, the more they get to know." Then there is an unforgettable Christmas with the Lambs.

Inconsistent, exasperating, or self-consciously spoofing as Miss Compton-Burnett can occasionally be, she has succeeded in presenting us with a brilliant comedy on the foibles and follies of life. As one of the characters in her marvelously sophisticated book says—"There is so much truth on all the different sides of things." Only Lewis Carroll—unless it be Ivy Compton-Burnett—could thus blend the absurd with the real and give us the whole of human existence.

Tempest in Martha's Vineyard

THE WEATHER BREEDER. By Sylvia Chatfield Bates. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1948. 250 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LAURA BENÉT

THIS is a truly singular novel, its theme a love story involving a summer colony on the island of Martha's Vineyard. "The Weather Breeder" in its initial chapters has the aspect of a delightful mild day that in its continuing pleasant weather yet holds all the elements of a mounting, dynamic storm. The tempest breaks at last, actually and spiritually, shattering and destroying. How could it fail to? In the heroine, Noepe Sanctuary, is the dramatic mixture of Indian and white blood with a slight African strain. Such an inheritance must effectually prevent her marriage to the white man, Adam Munson, with whom she (as well as Tamson Field) is passionately in love. Noepe's natural mate, Tallman Pine, the Indian with whom she has grown up, retreats silently into the background before this picturesque rancher, not long an inmate of the island.

Much is implied by suggestion in "The Weather Breeder," which is a masterpiece of underwriting. In fact, so delicately are the threads woven that Noepe and her lovers are sometimes difficult to place in their respective relationships. The description is not only skilful but has a special beauty coming as it does from an author who knows her island life and has felt it as an inner experience. Not only Noepe's problem but that of the Jew John Whitestone confront us as burning questions of the modern day. Around and over them hangs a veil of dark mystery for the Indian folklore and legend of the place pervade its houses, fields, and waters, greatly enhancing the book's charm. Noepe at heart is a primitive, a child of her own people, despite her education. And were it not for her benignance, Aunt Luciny might play the part of a local witch with her ancient sagas, her herb remedies, and her baking of the Nocake. She is the maternal comforter of the piece, the grandmother to whom Noepe, the quarry, flies for counsel and succor in her fear and spirit sickness.

Marcella, a natural psychologist, says to her suffering friend:

> We are all very much alike. All mixed up. We must not be frightened or shocked at ourselves, or others, but try to understand. That lessens the danger of life. Darkness is in everyone. When they are possessed, and do not understand and become free, but deny the darkness, it overwhelms them. It becomes they and they it. There will always be danger until we understand.

In a measure the tale is timeless —timeless as the woods and sun and sea, those great possessions of which the Indians were once a living part—and the eternal conflicts of human beings. Its ending is like life, failing wholly to satisfy, yet of a kind to yield content and peace. Still waters run deep and the reader will discover in "The Weather Breeder" not only an alluring piece of summer reading but a book to make him take thought. Only space prevents the reviewer from quoting much more from the fascinating superstitions of the familiar Vineyard.

—*Von Behr.*

Sylvia Chatfield Bates "knows her island life."

Battle of the Brass

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH. By Beirne Lay, Jr., and Sy Bartlett. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 274 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THE PROPOSITIONS which are set down so resoundingly in "Command Decision" are reiterated here, with equal force and almost as much dramatic skill. Briefly the propositions are these: The men in the air force were fighting for their lives; their air commanders were fighting to beat the Germans; the top brass were fighting for the record. Sometimes, for the record, the brass would send the men upon a frankly suicidal mission (remember Humphrey Cobb's "Paths of Glory," out of World War I?) or, for the record, ground them when they were set for a killing punch. The air commanders, who led the men into battle and knew the score at first hand, agonized over this schism and had to take the brunt of the trouble that came of it, facing both ways. And when, as in both books, the commander at the field takes the play away from the brass, makes his own decision, and bets his life and his men on it, then you have the materials of a dramatic conflict orchestrated with nothing less than the crash of armies in the air, and the fate of a war.

In "Twelve O'Clock High" we have the first contingent of the American Eighth Air Force poised on the English coast, making tentative sorties into occupied France and preparing for the first mission over Germany. Needled by Lord Haw-Haw, who seems to know every move of theirs in advance, and undermined by a plainly weak command, the contingent is fast losing morale and making a sad-looking record. At this point the top command put in their best man, Brigadier-General Frank Savage, who whips the sick contingent into shape and points it, like a perfectly tempered blade, straight toward that crucial first mission. And here the clash of decision comes, to endanger what is clearly one of the vital projects of the war. A tangle of Pentagon politics is about to pull Savage out and send him back to the USA on a training assignment. When he fights that off, the mission is first halted by direct order from above, then hurried into play just as Savage learns that the Germans know the plan and are waiting to ambush it, in full strength.

"YES!" roars Henderson, Savage's superior, in reply to his ac-

(*Continued on page* 25)

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Americana. *Back in 1936, Professor J. G. Randall wrote a provocative essay for the* American Historical Review *in which he asked "Has the Lincoln Theme Been Exhausted?" He maintained it had not. That he was right is proved by the rewarding studies into aspects of Lincoln's career since published by himself, Professor Hesseltine (whose book on Lincoln and the war governors is reviewed below) and a group of younger scholars including W. E. Baringer, R. P. Basler, R. H. Luthin, D. M. Potter, H. E. Pratt, B. P. Thomas, and T. H. Williams. . . . The other volumes reviewed this week deal with persistent themes in our history—the heritage of minority races, and music as an expression of the people's aspirations. Stanley Vestal and John Collier, authors of the books on American Indians, and the late John Lomax and his son Alan, collectors of folk songs, have devoted their lifetimes to their subjects.*

The States vs. The State, 1861

LINCOLN AND THE WAR GOVERNORS. By William B. Hesseltine. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 405 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by J. G. RANDALL

WHAT has been called the "war between the states" was, as Mr. Hesseltine shows, in reality more like a contest between the states on the one hand and the national authority on the other. In the early stages it was very much of a governor's war. Lincoln's first call for troops was an appeal to the governors to furnish militia by state quotas. Viewing the bustle of state-house activity and hearing the resounding proclamations of the governors, one would almost have supposed in 1861 that the state executives had taken over the raising of the army. With Governor Andrew impressively calling the citizens of Massachusetts to arms, directing recruitment, commissioning officers, setting up administrative machinery, appointing aides, chartering ships, attending to supplies and transportation, looking after state regiments in the field, and exhorting his people to get used to the smell of gunpowder, it seemed almost as if Lincoln, and especially the slow moving Cameron, were remote and minor figures. Yet as the war progressed, the pattern changed radically; the states receded into inferiority while the central government became in the latter half of the war, and steadily thereafter, the dominant force in the nation.

Remembering that state importance was the American preference in 1861, how did this striking change come about? For the full story one must read Mr. Hesseltine's vigorous pages. Only a few of the factors can be mentioned here. State recruiting was hap-

—From "Meet Abraham Lincoln."

hazard. The states never intended to be fully self-sufficient; at most they wanted to manage the war but have the Federal government pay the bills. There was the sizzling imbroglio between General B. F. Butler, commissioned by Lincoln as head of the "Department of New England" with authority to recruit soldiers across state lines, and Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, who vociferously insisted that recruiting was a state affair and the business of the governors. There was bickering between rival Republican factions in the states: Greeley versus Weed and Seward in New York, Cameron versus Curtin in Pennsylvania, and so on. There was the sagging strength of the Republican Party itself, as shown in the election of 1862, and the fear that the governors could not hold their states for Lincoln. Union loyalty among the governors never had, in any commanding sense, a truly Lincolnian focus.

There was trouble as to Lincoln's cautious emancipation policy in contrast with gubernatorial impatience. The issue of Negro troops caused a deal of trouble, especially the absurd system by which Massachusetts and other Northern states recruited Negro soldiers in Southern commonwealths, claiming Northern state "credit." There was the episode of state action against revolting Indians in Minnesota, tempered by a partial Presidential clemency which did not match gubernatorial anger. There was the fiasco of the Altoona conference of September 1862, promoted as a drive of righteously indignant governors to put pressure on the President, but so skilfully managed by Lincoln that it ended in gubernatorial support in the matter of emancipation and new calls for troops. Especially, there was the slump of patriotic ardor, the growing war-weariness, and the falling off of voluntary recruiting. In their wish to control matters the governors did not exactly relish the idea of drafting their own constituents, though that is exactly what (in some states) they were maneuvered into doing in 1862.

In 1863, the middle year, came an elaborate though clumsy system of national conscription. From that point the very tune of the governors changed. No longer the rallying points of the enlistment drive, they fell to haggling as to state credits and quotas. In Governor Seymour of New York Lincoln found a word opponent who objected to national conscription; in that contest the President's combination of self-effacing tact with astute national leadership left Seymour "defeated before he started."

Part of the problem was a fundamental difference as to policy: the Republican governors were largely "radical," while Lincoln, with his border-state emphasis and his non-vindictive stress on preserving the Union, held to a moderate course. Considering the military incompetents—such as Frémont and Butler—whom the governors favored, and remembering their inattention to border-state realities and their antagonism to moderates in the cabinet, one wonders what would have happened to the "Union cause" if the states instead of the Union had remained in control.

In the end it was Lincoln—not Yates, Morgan, Curtin, Morton, Andrew, Buckingham, and the rest—who kept the reins. It was almost pathetic to see how the governors even missed their chance as the soldiers' friend. The dedication at Gettysburg, "planned to emphasize the role of the states in the war," took a different tone when Lincoln, whose participation was an afterthought, "rose . . . to talk of the nation." Curtin got his cemetery, but the occasion was the President's. In the whole broad story Lincoln not only overtopped the governors, but, as Hesseltine observes, his "was the triumph of a superior intellect."

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Grabbing the Great Plains

WARPATH AND COUNCIL FIRE. By Stanley Vestal. New York: Random House. 1948. 338 *pp.* $3.50.

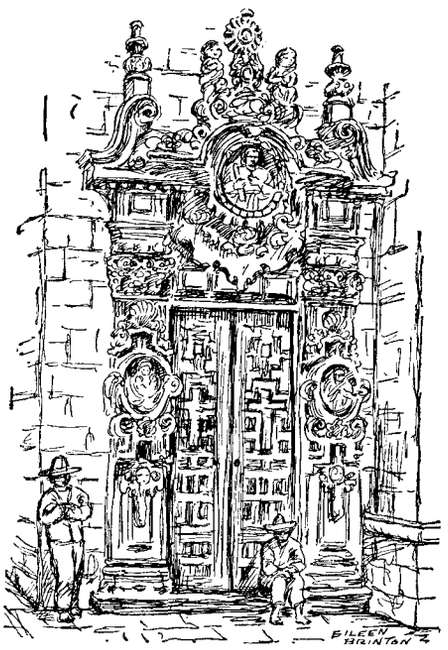
Reviewed by WILLIAM DUNCAN STRONG

IN THIS book, the well-known writer on Western history, Stanley Vestal, has provided an excellent and fascinating guidebook for a confused, colorful, and politically significant period in the Western expansion of the United States. Many works, ranging from detailed historical critiques to sweeping novels have dealt with the dramatic conflict between the mounted tribes of the Great Plains and the great white American migration backed by a small but tough United States army. The peculiar virtue of the present book is its remarkable continuity, inclusiveness, readability, and brevity. Covering the climax period in Plains warfare, 1851-1891, it weaves into one continuous narrative the complexities of tribal movement and character, frontier-white expansionist psychology, military gallantry, and stupidity, as well as Eastern philanthropic effort and graft in high circles. Its historic characters are many and varied in their hue, but rarely dull, and its vast background is that surprisingly varied region of plains and mountains ranging from the Staked Plains of Texas to the Badlands of the Yellowstone.

Concerning subjects of still bitter modern controversy: Indian rights, the inevitability of white expansion, the broken treaties, and the undeniable atrocities committed by both sides, the author expresses definite opinions. To those who feel that in justice if not in fact we should "give the Plains back to the Indian," he points out facts that are often overlooked, for example, the very late and warlike occupation of the Great Plains by such major fighting tribes as the Dakota, Cheyenne, Arapaho, Kiowa, and Comanche. In 1803, at the time of the Louisiana Purchase, some of these tribes had not even occupied the territories for which they were later paid. Similarly, in regard to broken treaties and resultant wars he sees the Government plainly at fault in the Dakota-Cheyenne war in the northern Plains, and the Indians equally so in certain of the earlier southern wars. In dealing with military reputations the author neither glorifies nor debunks. The Custer of the Washita is praised whereas the same officer at the Little Bighorn receives what seems to be merited, though tragically posthumous, criticism.

Vestal's account of Custer's Presidential aspirations, as told to his Crow and Arikara scouts on the eve of this tragic battle, tallies with information received by this reviewer from one of these, the Arikara, Red Bear, in 1932. Documentation throughout the book is at a minimum but the narrative obviously rests upon wide reading and, what is more unique, upon long acquaintance with and study of the Indians themselves. Many of Vestal's informants were participants in the battles and campaigns he describes so vividly.

Perhaps, as the author hopes, this narrative of forty years inept treaty-making and breaking, appeasing, and fighting between the United States Government and a different culture will help us do better in our present world-wide and cross-cultural commitments. It shows clearly that the less our administrators and soldiers knew of Indian culture and psychology the more tragic and unnecessary were their failures. There were graft and arrogance, but, above all, there was ignorance of the ways of a proud and alien people. This led to tragedy on both sides. The present book is not the last word on the troublous history of these times, nor is it the great Homeric epic of the Indian Wars which a poet with the genius of Stephen Vincent Benét may some day write. It is, however, an excellent and readable introduction to one of the most dramatic periods in our history. It deals equally with the mounted warriers of the Plains, whom General Benteen describes as "good shots, good riders, and the best fighters the sun ever shone on," and their famous white opponents, Sheridan, Crook, Custer, Miles, Howard, and many others who had been steeled in the crucible of the Civil War. Its episodes are dramatic, its warriors, red and white, come alive against a backdrop of plains and mountains. One sees here a tragic drama wherein a handful of stone-age peoples fought long and gallantly for their hunting grounds against the irresistible westward march of the modern, industrial world.



William Duncan Strong is Loubat Professor of American Archaeology at Columbia University.

Inca to Sioux

THE INDIANS OF THE AMERICAS. By John Collier. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1947. 326 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by WARD SHEPARD

"THEY had what the world has lost. They have it now."

To sophisticates who look upon Indians as savages it will be a shock to learn they have anything to teach us. For this book is much more than a book on the Indians of the Americas. It is a study—colorful, poetic, luminous, and wise—of human society as "nurture, shaper, and fate" of men. In bold strokes, it paints the history and pre-history of many Indian societies from ancient Inca and Aztec to modern Sioux and Pueblo. It probes the Christian rapacity of Spanish rule and that "collective corruption" which until the last dozen years guided our own spoliation of the Indians. But always the author penetrates to the indestructible spiritual substance of the life-ways and world-view wrought out across twenty millennia by the myriad Indian societies; and then, by shocking contrast, to the pervasive, dehumanizing asociality that has debauched modern Western man and his tatterdemalion societies. "Modern man is obsolete," in fell truth: this book tells the reasons, movingly and profoundly.

For woven into the very fabric of Indian society and psyche was that which we have renounced, "the ancient, lost reverence and passion for human personality, joined with the ancient, lost reverence and passion for the earth and its web of life." By world view, education, religion, and highly structured social ministration, Indian energy has been centered on heightening the human personality and on the living, creative union of men with nature and God. In this pursuit,

> self-willed, self-wrought personality excellence, empowered by the

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whole social institution of the tribe and of the race, is more than a merely practical thing. . . . It is the very essence of cosmic survival and victory.

With a few exceptions—notably the late Inca and Aztec—the Indian societies were and are pure cooperative democracies. Being thus freed of proletarianism, "unemployment," "insecurity," and all the other devil's dung of modern materialism, they have cultivated the garden of life to yield personalities that are free, disciplined, robust, many-sided, practical, imaginative, selfless, and joyous. And this is no mere secular pursuit. The highest claim on Indian societies has been the cyclical production of their great esthetic-religious dramas for "the evocation of dominions and powers within the soul through their evocation from the universe without."

Contrasted with this intense, conscious humanism, the author shows how our Western "free market" or profit philosophy has denied the function of society as nurture and shaper, indeed its very existence. Society is a mere aggregate of individuals moved by calculating self-interest; the quest for wealth is the total dynamics of social process. This philosophy of inwrought greed has, in the author's words, worked havoc upon societies, heritages, ethical and esthetic values, family and community life, and the resources of the earth itself. Its sensualism, fanatical devotion to downgrading standardization, exploitative myopia, all-haunting insecurity, and lust for personal advantage bred bigstatism, big-philanthropy, and finally Fascism, and will, he predicts, continue to breed it as long as Western man is afflicted with "that starvation of the soul . . . that is silently wasting our own society and all Western societies into the sea of endless night." And the dawning is not yet: science in the main doggedly pursues its reduction of life and nature to meaningless, mechanistic particulateness; the nascent social sciences virtually deny to society any organic inwardness and purposive striving; and for a century the leading minds of the West have tried neither to understand nor to halt the all-pervading "sheet erosion" of human life.

It is refreshing to know that these Indian societies with their core values of love, joy, courage, and human greatness have so indestructibly flourished. While our leading scientific and political minds impiously wring "from nature's close reserve" the means to blast the remnants of our civilization into rubble, it is good to know that societies instinct with idealism, romance, devotion, and tranquillity are far tougher than our fragile and frantic materialism.

Primer for White Folks

—*From the book.*

STORY OF THE NEGRO. By Arna Bontemps. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 239 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROI OTTLEY

THE FIRST written record of the Negro in the United States was made, not by himself, but by the white man. Today, as with other peoples, the Negro is becoming more and more concerned about his own history —not alone to give brace to his own self-esteem, but to win the respect of the white mass who until recently based their knowledge of the Negro largely on magnolia-scented fiction, legend, and hearsay.

So today Negro scholars are busy unearthing new and more complete records. Such a book has been written for young people by Arna Bontemps, chief librarian at Fisk University, Nashville, who has traced the Negro's early history in the United States. Aware that the label "slave" has bedeviled the Negro to this very day, he has reached into antiquity, even roamed the world, to give roots and background to his subject. In the process, he gives new dimensions and dignity to his people's adventure in America, explodes many dearly-held myths, and comes up with some surprising facts.

Slavery, of course, is as old as man himself. Thus the first distinguished Negro slave we encounter in this story is famed Aesop, who lived in ancient Greece, and, who, according to Mr. Bontemps, is a sort of "classical Uncle Remus."

Greeks, Romans, and Arabs all had slaves, both white and black. The most famous slave in Rome was the dramatist Terence, a native of Africa, who later was given his freedom by his master, Terentius Lacanus, because of his exceptional genius. Antar, known in Arab history as "Abul Fouaris," and considered one of the great poets of all time, was the harsh-featured, unattractive son of a black slave woman. His place in Mohammedan lore has been compared to that of Roland in French history.

When the Moors marched on Timbuctoo in 1591, they found a flourishing Negro civilization situated along the Niger in the Sudan. A chronicle of the countries of the Niger was written by a Negro scholar, at the time that the first Negro cargo was landed at Jamestown.

Virginia's first Negroes arrived in 1619. These stolen Africans, like those to follow, were in their own lands herdsmen and metal workers; many were hunters and boatmen, and a few warriors and princes, linguists and historians, storytellers and sculptors, painters, poets, and musicians. They ranged in size and culture from the giant and graceful Watussis and cultivated Ethiopians, to the warlike Zulus and primitive pigmies, who, however, are said to have the purest and loftiest conception of the nature of God and God's relation to man. The bulk of Negroes imported into America came mainly from Angola, Dahomey, Nigeria, and the Gold Coast, though nearly every section of Africa was ultimately represented in slavery's ranks.

Negro slavery was never envisioned by the early Colonists, nor by the enterpreneurs back in Europe. But the shortage of manpower, plus the Negro's racial vigor, sealed the race's fate in a civilization not squeamish about white servitude. However, not until forty-odd years after the landing of the first Negro captives in Jamestown, did Virginia pass an act which made bondage or freedom of a child hereditary. Nearly a century passed before the laws of Virginia permitted a man to list people in his estate as property.

Even so, freedom is what every slave wanted. They demonstrated this as patriots and soldiers during the Revolutionary War. But not until the Haitian Rebellion, led by Toussaint L'Ouverture, did white men awaken to the great dream of liberty which persisted in the hearts of black men. This uprising inspired daring, often savage attempts in the United States: for example, Gabriel Prosser and Nat Turner led bloody insurrections in Virginia, and Denmark Vesey in South Carolina. The high-minded abolitionists, however, placed the freedom struggle on an organized basis and thus did the movement make real progress.

The hero of the abolitionist movement, according to Mr. Bontemps, was Frederick Douglass, a slave "transformed into statesman and leader." Lincoln is acknowledged as a distinguished defender of the Negro. Emancipation, as it turned out, was

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only the first great step in the Negro's struggle for integration in American life.

From the Civil War, Mr. Bontemps's story skims briefly into the present. This, of course, makes his work chiefly important for its early history, which I presume was his intention. This much, at any rate, is poetic and moving, and indeed notable for its accuracy and objectivity. The author has abandoned the orthodox method of breaking up a book into chapters. He has instead given us a series of tableaux, some somewhat static. But the illustrations by Raymond Lufkin, resembling woodcuts, point up the text effectively. The book might well be described as a "primer for white folks," young and old.

Kingdom of American Balladry

FOLK SONG: U. S. A. Collected, adapted, and arranged by John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax. New York: Duell, Sloan, & Pearce. 1948. 407 *pp.* $6.

THE PEOPLE'S SONG BOOK. Edited by Waldemar Hille. New York: Boni & Gaer. 1948. 128 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HORACE REYNOLDS

THE hero of American folksong is the common man. The ballads our forebears made in Britain and brought with them to America sing of such nobles as Lord Randall and Lady Margaret, such champions as the proud Percy and the Earl of Douglas. But the hero of our native songs and ballads is a worker—or a hard case. John Brown was a Kansas farmer. John Henry made his living as a steel-drivin' man; Po' Lazarus was a pick-and-shovel laborer. Frankie and Johnny strolled out of the barrel house. Jesse James robbed banks and trains. It's easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man, except as menace, to enter the Kingdom of American Balladry.

Migration is the keynote of the American experience, movement of emigrants across the sea and then across the land. The songs here collected, which Alan Lomax describes as "the first attempt to set up a canon for American folksong," reflect that experience. Here are the songs our foreparents sang as they crossed first the Alleghenies and then the plains. Here are the songs the cowboys sang on the Chisholm Trail, the seamen on the clipper ships, the lumbermen on the spring-rise rivers. Some songs are not here. The wagoners who drove the six-horse teams across the Alleghenies, the Negro rousters who coonjined freight up and down the stage planks of our river steamers—their songs are not here. They have gone with the Conestoga wagons and the gleaming side-wheel packets—which never did run "between New Orleans and Chicago."

Mr. Lomax writes interesting introductions for every section, orienting each song on the musical map of America. Taken together these essays do much to express the significance of and meaning of American folk music. He thinks the railroad train has been a dominant influence in our popular music, in our blues and stomps. He hears in this music "the smashing, rattling syncopated rhythms and counter-rhythms of trains of every size and speed." So sympathetically does he write of "the surge and thunder of the steam engine, the ripple of wheels along the track, and the shrill minor-keyed whistles," that he has his reader also hearing these sounds in the best of boogie-woogie and the wail of jazz trumpet. The rhythm of the gasoline engine is perhaps the most pervasive of all the rhythms of modern life, but its rhythms are monotonous, its motions secret. It lacks the dramatic clash and outside motion of the train.

This collection is one of the best of its kind. The Lomaxian habit of combining variants, rearranging stanzas, although painful to some folklorists, frequently gives the singer a more coherent story to sing than he could find in any one variant. The settings for piano by Charles and Ruth Seeger are appropriately simple and easy to play. The editors have drawn on their previous collections, but they also have ranged widely among other folklorists and folksingers.

The songs in "The People's Song Book" remind us of another dominant characteristic of American song: it has long sung its propaganda. A hundred years ago the Hutchinsons were leading the singing of such Abolition songs as "Get Off the Track!" and when they had sung slavery out, they turned to temperance and woman's suffrage. A generation or two ago the Salvation Army and the IWW's set their propaganda songs to tunes already popular. When the Okies started gypsying the roads in their jalopies, they made a balladry of the displaced and dispossessed. With a relative living under each railroad bridge, they wandered the West, singing such songs of the Dust Bowl as, "I'm blowing down this road feelin' bad/An' I ain't gonna be treated this-away." Now labor sings its cause, heartens its men with song. Such recently famous songs as "Union Maid" and "Mister Bilbo" follow the pattern of much of our propaganda music by fitting new words to old tunes.

Here are the songs one hears at hootenannies and labor rallies, and on the records of the Almanac Singers. In this book of vigorous, hard-hitting songs the singer will find pieces he will not find in such general collections as the Lomax one. It is worth having for "I'm on My Way" and "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You," to mention only two of its good songs, the former a magnificent rolling gospel-hymn, the latter a fine, swinging tune superb for mass-singing.

"Frankie and Johnny," by Thomas Benton.

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Personal History.

In "Apologia pro Vita Sua," John Henry Cardinal Newman wrote not only one of the most beautiful pieces of prose in English, but a confession ranking with those of Rousseau and St. Augustine. Yet as is almost inevitable when a man writes about himself, in this and other autobiographical works he left much for others to explain. Eleanor Ruggles's "Journey Into Faith," reviewed here, fills the want for his early years. Robert Morss Lovett's "All Our Years" (see below) is the autobiography of another man of thought. Like John Erskine, whose "My Life As a Teacher" was reviewed last week, Lovett's career carried him into the world of affairs. Our other personal histories are engrossing autobiographies of men of action—Gerald Averill's "Ridge Runner" tells of a Maine woodsman, Alfred A. Weinstein's "Barbed Wire Surgeon" of an American in a Jap prison camp.

Cardinal Newman Before Conversion

JOURNEY INTO FAITH: The Anglican Life of John Henry Newman. By Eleanor Ruggles. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 1948. 336 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by WILLARD L. SPERRY

WILFRED WARD'S "Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman"—the "definitive" biography—is a two-volume work of a full 1200 pages. Only some 120 pages are allotted to the first forty-five of Newman's ninety years, which cover his pre-Roman life in the Church of England. There has been, therefore, occasion for this present work.

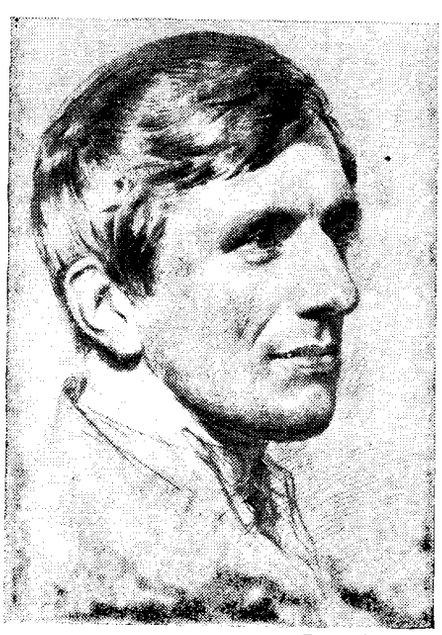
The author states her thesis and concedes at the outset the difficulty, perhaps the impossibility, of her task. "How and why did Newman leave the Church of England for the Church of Rome? The 'how' can be traced, and yet the 'why' can never be wholly fathomed." Newman himself was once asked to state in a single paragraph why he went over. He replied that this would be utterly impossible; that he could hope to enable others to understand his step only at the cost of living over with him patiently and at long length his inner history over many years.

There is, at first, a leisurely account of the boyhood, presided over by a rather ineffectual father, and of the brothers and sisters, each with his own distinctive temperament. There was affection in the home, but little social solidarity. An evangelical parson inducted Newman as a lad of sixteen into the mysteries of the divine election and Newman without the slightest hesitation assumed that he was among the saved.

When the time came for him to go up to the university a chaise stood at the door and his father was undecided up to the last moment whether his son was to go to Cambridge or Oxford. The chance word of a friend who was on hand turned father and son in the latter direction. One cannot help wondering what the difference might have been, in the course of the religious life of England, had they turned northward from London.

Newman's career as an undergraduate ended in bitter disappointment. He barely passed his classics and failed his mathematics. It says much for the perception of those concerned that he was subsequently offered a fellowship at Oriel, the one college in the Oxford of those days where the lethargy of the eighteenth century had been superseded by a fresh zest for the world of ideas.

The story of the Oxford years is reasonably familiar. Newman owed more to Hurrell Froude—who died untimely—than to any other one of his companions, but his friendships with Keble and Pusey did much to further, if not to form, his own thinking. His thought, however, was fashioned mainly by his own study of the Fathers of the early Church, who were at the time relatively unknown and dismissed as "sad rubbish." He still clung to his evangelical conviction that the Christian tradition is what the Bible proves, but he came to the conclusion that the Bible is to be approached through the Church.



—From the book.

John Henry Newman: "God intends me to be lonely."

In so far as one can anticipate at this time the reasons for Newman's ultimate decision to enter the Church of Rome, they can be foreseen in his alarm at the spread of liberalism. The proposal for Catholic Emancipation and the Great Reform Bill were a threat to all that he valued. Newman was, as his present biographer says, a "fastidious" man, and he recoiled from the vulgarity as well as the secularity of the political liberalism of his day. The *Via Media* became a more and more impossible position to hold, and rather than be party to the excesses of the left, he turned to the right, where the ancient apostolic Church offered sanctuary.

On one of the first pages of the "Apologia" Newman says of himself that he tended to "rest in the thought of two and two only absolute and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator." That note is sounded more than once in the pages at hand, in quotations from sermons and letters: "God intends me to be lonely. . . . The religious history of each individual is as solitary and complete as the history of the world. . . . I wish to go to my Lord by myself, and in my own way." This may be one of the reasons why during all his earlier years as a "vert" he failed to find a place in the corporate mechanisms of Rome. By 1865 he was, to all intents and purposes, a forgotten man and only Charles Kingsley's stupid attack upon his honesty rescued him, through his "Apologia pro Vita Sua," from obscurity and laid the foundations for his final fame. Query: Why has Rome been so signally unsuccessful in capitalizing the skills and the devotion of so many of her converts from Protestanism?

One is glad to have as the frontispiece of this volume, and as the central item on the dust cover, the lovely drawing of Newman's face made by George Richmond, in 1844. That face recovered its serenity only as seen in the photographs and portraits of the 1880's. And one is grateful to the author of this book for her delicate analysis of her elusive subject.

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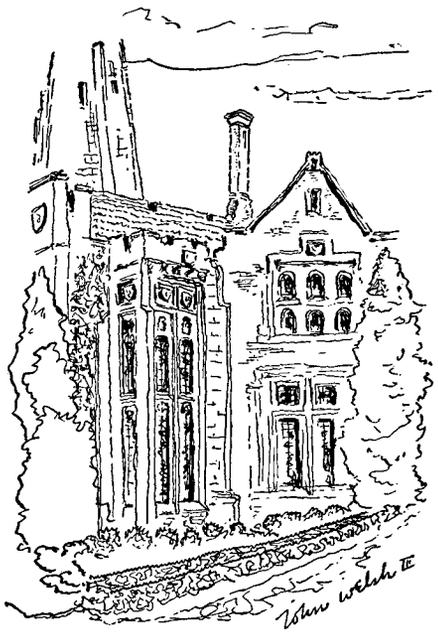
A Liberal-Educator Weighs His Life

ALL OUR YEARS: The Autobiography of Robert Morss Lovett. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 373 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

ONE SOMETIMES asks oneself, as a kind of historical conundrum, what would have happened to American liberalism if Senator La Follette and his Progressive Party had not been so resoundingly defeated in the campaign of 1924. It is at least a fair assumption to maintain that, after that untoward collapse, American liberalism became more than ever a prey to discreteness, to eclecticism, to a multiplicity of objectives and an overlapping of effort: in short, to a wasteful use of its always impressive energies.

I cannot help thinking that the events of 1924, though they are not given any special prominence by the author, stand like a Great Divide in the middle of this book. On the one side there is a charming and rather wistful landscape—Boston, Harvard, the beginnings of the University of Chicago, the sabbatical pilgrimage to prewar Europe. Even World War I, though it brought great personal tragedy to Mr. Lovett, and though he disapproved of the peacemakers, has acquired in retrospect some of the high, sweet, foolish gleam of the "war to end all wars." This part of the book is what one might expect from a distinguished and kindly educator who, casting up his accounts for life, is



fortunate enough to discover a good balance on the credit side.

After 1924, however, all is confusion. The reader, wandering from organization to organization, from League to League, is forced to the conclusion that what an American liberal most needed after World War I was a national liberal party.

The personal record is, nonetheless, a moving and important one. Mr. Lovett is an old-fashioned—or perhaps one should say an ageless—liberal. He believes that a man should be allowed to say what he thinks, and to consort with whom he pleases. Though anyone can cite a formidable list of exceptions, this is still the great rule of American life, often broken but never entirely abrogated. One cannot but admire its champions. Mr. Lovett believes that his days as an educator at the University of Chicago constitute his most effective gift to his times, and perhaps that is so; yet I do not think that one can read this modest and valuable book without wondering if he did not do even more good outside the University.

In spite of his somewhat excessive passion for political fragmentation, liberalism owes a debt to Mr. Lovett—to his ingenious (but who shall say "foolish"?) belief in political and economic miracles, in which one seems to detect the influence of a Fundamentalist childhood; to his disarming optimism; to his hatred of regimentation and violence; to his refusal to conform. In one sense, moreover, his life testifies to the strength of American democracy. Because, after all, though American democracy persecuted him through a subcommittee of Congress, American democracy also vindicated him through the Court of Claims and the United States Supreme Court. If the Urgent Deficiency Appropriation Act of 1943, which deprived him of his salary as Government Secretary of the Virgin Islands and condemned him as "unfit for Government service," was nothing less than a Bill of Attainder, it extracted from Secretary Ickes and from President Roosevelt two statements which rank pretty high in the great American literature of protest. Moreover the victim of this harsh and bad excommunication was, at least, free to pursue happiness elsewhere, to take a job in the University of Puerto Rico, to write a book, and to solicit approval for his opinions.

The whole question of guilt by association receives a new and welcome airing in this book. Mr. Lovett says—and surely with justice—that it is not a sin to work side by side with Communists. Before 1939 the party line and the liberal line very often and very naturally coincided. He has also discovered that when the two lines cease to coincide it is not only difficult and disagreeable, it is also quite impossible for liberals to continue to work together with Communists. But does this mean that, when the objectives are non-Communist, the attempt should not be made? Has a working democracy anything to fear, internally, from Communism? And can a democracy work if it is opposed to free association and the open competition of ideas?

Because it raises these questions, this book, at any time a readable one, seems to have appeared at a very appropriate moment. It reminds us of two remarkable sentences in the first number of "The Federalist." "For in politics, as in religion, it is equally absurd to aim at making proselytes by fire and sword. Heresies in either can rarely be cured by persecution." The author of these sentences was Alexander Hamilton, a man with whom Mr. Lovett would scarcely see eye to eye, except on this one point of doctrine. It is good, sound American doctrine, and the fact that it has persisted, in the face of so many threats and betrayals, is one of the glories of our republic.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 262

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 262 will be found in the next issue.

OEA IUEBCUF EGIEKL GPPHL

DMWC IPFLU BCFPMRC E

ISTAPI. Z. HSUFET

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 261

Most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 743)

H. S. COMMAGER:
THEODORE PARKER

He did not get the quintessence of things, only their flavor. He took in all experience, used it as best he could, and hurried on to some new experience. His life was never finished, rounded, and polished, nor were his sermons or books.

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Forest Calling

RIDGE RUNNER: The Story of a Maine Woodsman. By Gerald Averill. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1948. 217 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

I HOPE that no one is going to cheat himself of reading this book because of a hasty conclusion that it must be one of those hearty, tiresomely technical, outdoor manuals. For it seems unlikely that this (or any other) season will yield many books as unpretentious and in its own way, as completely satisfying as this.

Gerald Averill was born in Frankfort, Maine, on the lower Penobscot, his family having been natives of Maine for generations. He went through the motions of attending school, but his real attention was centered on shooting, fishing, and "running the ridges" of the surrounding countryside. After he had finished high school he applied for a job as clerk with the Great Northern Paper Company, and for twelve years worked the big lumber camps. Two years in the Army during World War I and eleven years of uncongenial office work failed to cure him of his passion for the forests; he took the State of Maine game warden's examination and was appointed to the service in 1933.

This book is Mr. Averill's account of his lifetime experiences in the woods, fishing, hunting, and observing, with some of his grandfather's magnificent yarns thrown in for good measure. One may live an entire lifetime in the city without developing any great powers of observation, but to survive in the woods a keen eye and a trained memory are essential, and are the chief stock-in-trade of the first-class game warden. Mr. Averill's great gift lies in being able to communicate what he has observed, and in language which is at once effortlessly simple and extremely effective. He can describe his grandfather filling a pipe, while wild geese fly overhead in the fog, so vividly that the reader almost ducks when grandfather spits.

Little Gerald Averill had a passion for firearms; not a destructive passion, but the interest of the huntsman born. At first it had to be indulged illicitly, with the connivance of his grandfather; when his taciturn father discovered why squirrel meat was so plentiful over at his father-in-law's, where the squirrel stew was notable, he acted with extraordinary wisdom, and young Averill set out on a career which was to influence his future in more ways than one, and bring him a reputation as a marksman. Hence his approach to animals is humane rather than sentimental, his description of forest and stream that of the seasoned woodsman rather than the poet. Nor does he endeavor to make the tough men of the lumber camps into heroic figures. He makes them live for us as they were, a verminous, incredibly strong, hard-drinking, fighting lot, free-spenders when they hit town with their savings, and destined, most of them, for a tragic end as physical wrecks, bumming a hand-to-mouth existence from old acquaintances. His humor is salty, wise, and understanding.

Mr. Averill gives a dispassionate account of the game warden's calling, and a wryly amused version of his own difficulties, legal and otherwise, in pursuing it. His observations on the vagaries of hunters are not only good reading but full of excellent, practical advice.

But what the reader is most likely to cherish are the legendary tales with which the book is liberally sprinkled, beginning with his grandfather's unforgettable encounter with the White Shark, and progressing to the hairless Esau Kant, a feared and hated figure whose myth has not heretofore been too well known beyond the Maine forests, and to Averill's own assistance to a disagreeable chef who fished for trout with dynamite.

It is hard to believe that, although he contributed some articles to magazines, this is Averill's first book, and sad to know that it is his only one, as he died not long after it was completed. "Minor classic" has always seemed an insufferable tag to me, but for lack of a better I must use it for "Ridge Runner." In it, with a skill which is entirely his own, the author has given us the forests, and the men who worked them; more than that, he has reflected forever a totally characteristic American, wise in his own province, full of humor, a native son of whom to be immensely proud.

A Nightmare Under the Rising Sun

BARBED-WIRE SURGEON. By Alfred A. Weinstein, M.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 310 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

DR. WEINSTEIN, stationed as a medical officer near Manila, was captured by the Japanese early in the war. For three and a half years he was a prisoner, serving either as a surgeon or compelled to do ordinary manual labor in disciplinary camps, at first in the Philippines, later in Japan. Dr. Weinstein writes with the coolness of a surgeon of his horrible experiences, but the book shows the psychological price paid for such coolness. The constant irritation of a host of sights and actions, varying from pinpricks to outright horrors, the harassment that comes from the futility of resistance and the inability to alter, never too great to stand but always amassing and accumulating, acts like slow torture. So that this cool and objective account of the simple events in a prisoners' camp ultimately brings the reader to an emotional crisis, only solved by the happy ending. Dr. Weinstein was in love, luckily for him, and this and the assurance of some sort of end preserved him.

"Alfred A. Weinstein was in love, luckily for him."

Bad food, illness, hard work, arbitrary restrictions, sadistic punishment at the whim of trigger-happy jailers—all these might be the lot of any prisoner. Dr. Weinstein suffered a special hardship, which perhaps only another medical man will understand. It was like the realization of a doctor's bad dream. Against all his medical training, this Harvard graduate with a love of his work, was forced to take orders from incompetent, arrogant Japanese doctors, suffering from the touchiness of inferiority feelings. He had to operate against his better judgment, assist bunglers, and helplessly watch the horrible results of medical incompetence.

The book is slow reading, but an emotional experience that will repay the effort, particularly for those who are able to bear a bit of reality.

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Belles-Lettres.

In writing of the literature of their own country and of Great Britain, American scholars have shown a degree of diligence and thoroughness unequaled anywhere except in pre-Nazi Germany. These qualities, combined with a perspicacity unhappily less common in American literary criticism, are promised in the long-awaited three-volume "Literary History of the United States," edited by Professor Robert E. Spiller and scheduled for publication this autumn. Both books reviewed this week are in the tradition of American literary scholarship. Alexander Cowie's "Rise of the American Novel" traces that fiction form enthusiastically, if not with unwavering discrimination, throughout the nineteenth century. Some of the rich material about fourteenth-century England which Edith Rickert amassed during a lifetime of research has been assembled in her posthumous "Chaucer's World."

Evolution of Fiction

THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN NOVEL. By Alexander Cowie. New York: The American Book Co. 1948. 877 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

THE TEMPTATION to write an unfavorable review of this book is great, but fortunately it is offset by the impulse to be enthusiastic about its author's enthusiasms. For this is not a literary history in the conventional sense, and it seems to have no clear procedure of its own other than that of the running commentary.

Mr. Cowie explains in his preface that his intention is rather more critical than historical, that he wishes to "indicate the evolution of the American novel by means of comparatively full treatments of representative writers," both major and minor. But he never makes clear why this writer is selected and that omitted, or what each represents. Sometimes contemporary vogue seems to be the test, sometimes intrinsic excellence, sometimes significant comment on American life. The treatments themselves vary not only in length but in method, as though written at widely separated times. Some give full biographical data and some almost none; some summarize plots in detail and some note merely the central theme; in some the novelist's philosophy is discussed and in some it is ignored. And —to complete the catalogue of faults in order to dispose of them—the writing itself varies from succinct and revealing comment to vague and repetitious commentary, from tight and effective sentences to a style so loose and incorrect that the veteran teacher of composition cries out for the blue pencil.

But with these things said and the conscience thereby cleared, the critic can relax and enjoy the high spirits and the genuine enthusiasm for his books that Mr. Cowie has maintained for more than a decade of preparation and more than seven hundred pages of print. His book was apparently planned as a companion volume to Harry Hartwick's "Foreground of American Fiction," issued by the same publisher back in 1934, for he stops with the writers of the Nineties, where Hartwick takes up the story. Mr. Cowie's task was by far the greater and he took time to read afresh not only the novels he planned to discuss but most of the critical commentary available on them and their authors. He obviously enjoyed the stupendous task he set himself. The result is an informed and discriminating account of American novels and novelists by a reader who enjoys a good story at the same time that he is critical of its shortcomings, and who is able to communicate both his enjoyment and his criticism.

Because he is interested mainly in the gift of story-telling, Mr. Cowie is best when his author is most highly endowed with that gift. Brockden Brown and Cooper fare best of the early writers, Howells of the later ones; and among the minor writers, those who, like John Neal and George Lippard, write with unrestrained zest receive their full but belated recognition. The more intellectual novelists like Hawthorne, Melville, and Henry James are given careful and courteous attention only. The chapter on Melville is little more than an account of how his work was received by the critics and the public; those on Hawthorne and James are fair and objective appraisals without much conviction of greatness.

Perhaps this reviewer has succumbed to his temptation and written an unfavorable review after all. If so, it was not his intention. There are few literary histories that give pleasure in the reading, and this is one of the few. Mr. Cowie's lack of dogmatism and his faith in his own responses make his book an invitation to learning, even though it is neither the first nor the last word on the subject.

Crises, 1300 A.D.

CHAUCER'S WORLD. Compiled by Edith Rickert. Edited by Clair C. Olson & Martin M. Crow. New York: Columbia University Press. 1948. 456 *pp.* $6.75.

Reviewed by MILTON L. ZISOWITZ

IF THERE is one lesson that history teaches over and over again, and that the world never quite learns, it is that man and his problems change very little over the ages. Technological developments point the way to new solutions which, in turn, frequently create fresh troubles, but the basic problems of mankind remain essentially the same. Almost six centuries have passed since Geoffrey Chaucer painted his panoramic picture of medieval life, and yet the world today faces very much the same crises that faced the men and women of "The Canterbury Tales."

This book, a collection of excerpts from medieval records, public and private documents, and literature, compiled by the late Edith Rickert, outstanding Chaucerian scholar, illustrates and describes the life of fourteenth - century England and France which the poet knew so well and which, as a matter of fact, forms the background for his writings. Gathered during the fourteen years

(*Continued on page* 28)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Nursery-Rhyme Rebellion

THE PHONE rang. It was my friend the Connecticut farmer. "I see you stirred up the animals with Dr. Wertham's piece on the say-it-with-bullets cartoon strips*—those pulp jobs called comics where machine-gun fire finishes up the characters as fast as the artist can draw them.

"Good article, Wertham's, but there's an even bigger job to be done on another aspect of kiddie-reading. But first let me ask you this: Just how serious are you about stepping up the quality of children's books? Because if you are serious, I'd like to see you go after an offender just as bad as or worse than the terror comics."

"*Worse* than the terror comics?" I asked with the rising musical inflection generally used to dramatize skepticism.

"You heard me," he said. "I think I can prove it. Let's begin with you. Let's see now, as I remember it you've got three youngsters of your own—all girls, I believe?"

"Let's not go into that again," I said weakly. "You know darned well they're all girls. Now, what has all this to do with children's reading?"

"Just this. What was the first literary fare served up to your little girls?"

"Mother Goose, I suppose."

"Precisely. Now, tell me frankly, have you ever actually listened to the words as you recited the Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes? Have you ever actually stopped to analyze just what it was you were reciting in the usual dulcet, singsong tones?"

I began to wilt under the cross-examination. "I never knew there were subterranean depths to explore in Mother Goose," I said guiltily.

"That's just the point," he countered. "Now, what would you say if I could prove to you that the Mother Goose ditties happen to be one of the most stupendous and successful literary hoaxes in history? What would you say if I could prove that these supposedly innocent nursery rhymes are actually the result of a vast practical joke by someone who decided to make a monument to himself out of the limitless gullibility of people?

"I've been doing some research on Mother Goose and, after considerable digging, I was able to dig up the whole story. What started my interest in Mother Goose was an incident that happened only the other night. I was over at a neighbor's home and the dinner was constantly interrupted by savage cries from the direction of the child's bedroom. Finally, Bill went upstairs to undertake a silencing operation. Afterwhile, I heard Bill's shredded baritone assaulting a lullaby:

Rockabye babee, onna tree top,
Whenna wind blows, the cradle will rock.
Whenna bough breaks, the babee'll fall.
Down will come . . .

"At that precise point in the lullaby, Junior, aged five, let out an anguished, piercing yell compared to which an air-raid alarm sounds like Longfellow's murmuring pines.

"'No, Daddy,' he screamed. 'Don't put the baby in the high tree. Please don't let the baby fall.'

"It was like that rare moment in the famous story of the Emperor's invisible robe, when suddenly a child says something that enables grownups to realize how stupid and blind they've been. And suddenly, for the first time, I found myself listening to the sense of what I had always supposed was a charming, saccharine lullaby. Junior was absolutely right. Here, in a song designed to put children to sleep, we describe a bizarre and altogether terrifying experience. An infant is placed in a cradle. The cradle is hoisted to the presumably high branch of a near-by tree just before a storm blows up. The inevitable happens. The child is thrown from the cradle, crashes to the ground—probably with multiple fractures, contusions, abrasions, and, at the very least, a brain concussion.

"But they call it a lullaby, and we, like fools, go on intoning it with churchlike reverence year after year and generation after generation.

"Well, that started me to thinking and reading. I borrowed Junior's copy of Mother Goose and began to read the rhymes rather than to chant them in supine and idiotic acceptance. And once I got away from rote, I discovered that here were no sweet, innocuous ditties but a series of vicious, sadistic, gory, vengeful episodes camouflaged as children's ditties through the simple device of monosyllables and singsong rhythm.

"Take, for example, the story of the pony whose name was Dapple Gray. You remember what happens. You lend him to a lady—supposedly old and sweet—who lives not far away. And what does this sweet old lady do? She whips Dapple Gray and slashes him and beats him through the mire. True, you don't send your pony back for more of the same, but the experience wasn't too pleasant while it lasted.

"Or, as another example of unwarranted punishment, take the case of the old woman who lived in a shoe. Now I suppose that one thing we try to impress upon young people is a sense of justice and fair play; certainly, inexplicable or irrational punishment has no place in a code of ethics. All right, here we have this old woman who lives in a shoe. She has so many children she hardly knows what to do, and so, for want of better diversion, she gets out the old cat-o'-nine-tails, whips them all soundly, and sends them to bed. Nice business.

"Now another thing. Under the American Bill of Rights we declare for freedom of religion. I suppose this means that a citizen is free to believe or disbelieve according to his lights. And yet, here in the nursery rhymes we exalt sheer intolerance. You doubt it? What about Goosey, Goosey Gander, who asks where to wander:

Upstairs, downstairs,
In my lady's chamber?

"And then? Why, there he meets an old man who won't say his prayers—probably a law-abiding agnostic—whereupon he is promptly grabbed by the left leg and brutally thrown down the stairs!

"This doesn't begin to cover the cracked skulls, people clawing at each other, bird-killings, throwing kittens down wells, stealing, cheating, lying, Oriental torture, tail severing of blind and helpless animals, house-burnings, improper relationships between the sexes, and other affronts against human decency I dare not even mention.

"Well, as soon as I completed this inventory of disaster in Mother Goose, I decided to undertake some research on the origin of the ditties. One book led to another; soon I found myself deep in research. It was a fascinating search. I was lucky enough to unearth material that had been untouched for centuries.

(*Continued on page* 27)

*SRL May 29.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Kaufman Coughs—Gently

SIR: It's true nobody asked me for MY CURRENT READING, but here it is anyhow:

STANDARD PRINCIPLES OF ETHNOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT. *(Page 1)*
BEHAVIOR PATTERNS AMONG THE NATIVES OF THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA. *(Page 1½)*
New York Daily Mirror. *(All of it.)*
FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW.
MRS. SIMPSON'S ALPHABET BLOCKS FOR KIDDIES.
PENNSYLVANIA TIMETABLE TO BUCKS COUNTY.

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN.

New York, N. Y.

Strange Company

SIR: Henry F. Pringle [*SRL* April 24] pulls Beard's beard when he states that Beard is in the strange company of Hearst and McCormick for holding a certain idea. May we suggest that Jesus Christ also finds himself in the company of W. R. Hearst and McCormick in urging one to feed the poor? And that Pringle finds himself in the company of both Roosevelt and Hitler when using crafty arguments?

When Pringle asserts (what happens to be nonsense) that "the only other course [besides Roosevelt's] was appeasement" is he not saying (like Beard) that Roosevelt *was* deliberately preparing for war, and so misrepresenting to the people what he was secretly doing? To defend Roosevelt by his declared policy on August 21, 1941, scarcely exonerates Roosevelt for his extraordinarily different statements or for his actions in the period 1939-1941.

Finally, Pringle argues that because FDR rationalized what he was doing to the point that he would not admit to himself what he was doing that therefore FDR was not doing it!

Any logician could infer much of Beard's thesis (e.g., the utter moral irresponsibility of FDR) from Pringle's criticism of it. I conclude that Pringle has an excellent chance to win another Pulitzer Prize.

RICHARD IRWIN.

Berkeley, Calif.

"Austria" Cutouts

SIR: My review of Dr. Gulick's book "Austria" [*SRL* June 5] suffered a cut which blurs both my comment and the historical facts as so admirably brought out by the author.

"It may or may not be significant," I quoted Dr. Gulick, "that, of the three presidents of the state council, the Christian Social did not join his colleagues in the public proclamation of the republic." (The change necessitated by another, smaller, cut made —incidentally—*four* presidents out of the three.) "And the Social Democrats," I added in my original copy, "who rightly considered themselves the republic's founding fathers, were yet in agreement with the small pan-German faction in declaring the new country a part of the German Reich; the very term *anschluss* is theirs."

The deleting of this sentence gives the impression that I wilfully ignored those founding fathers (and the masses of organized labor behind them)—which would have been a preposterous thing to do in reviewing Dr. Gulick's work.

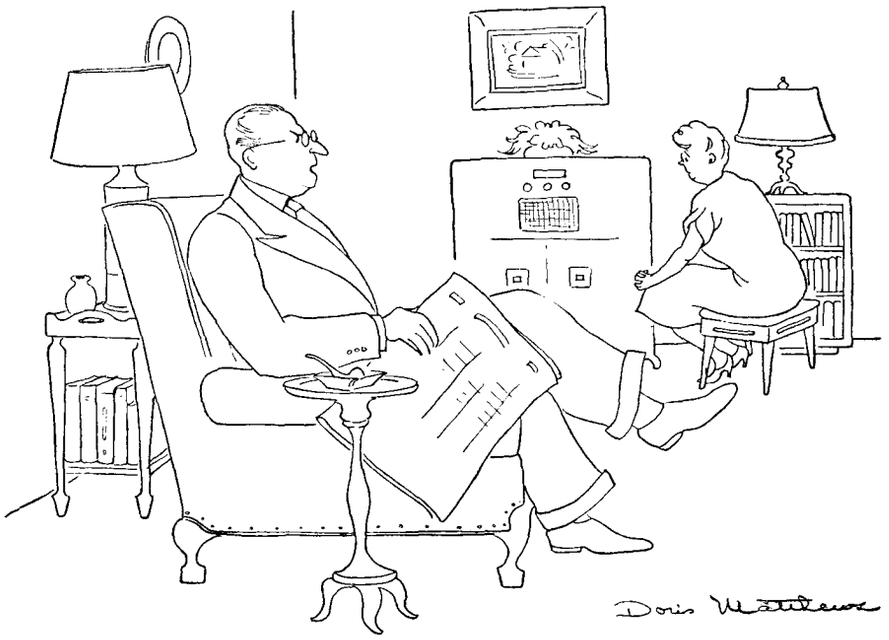
I also did not mention Austrians who "voted the Christian Social ticket *that year* [1918]," because there were no elections in 1918. Nor did I say that the Christian Socials were "coming" into conflict with the Social Democrats, because that conflict antedated the birth of the republic.

Finally, I did not accuse Dr. Gulick of putting Monsignore Seipel and such public figures as Prince Starhemberg and Major Fey on to one and the same plane—as, through another unfortunate cut, must be implied.

I feel I owe it to the author to put the facts straight.

ROBERT PICK.

New York, N. Y.



"Well, whom are you going to believe—me or Drew Pearson?"

Thanks to Mr. Aikman

SIR: To me Howard Mumford Jones's review of "The Turning Stream" by Duncan Aikman [*SRL* May 29] was the damndest, most exciting, and stimulating review of a book I have read in a long while. I am not a long-hair intellectual, merely a playwright, who eats, drinks, and sleeps among the poor. It is they who ask, "How the hell did we lose our democracy?"

It is they, I'm sure, who say, Thanks!—to Mr. Duncan Aikman.

KENNETH KONLANDÉ.

New York, N. Y.

National Day of Atonement

SIR: Congratulations on printing "I Hate Mother's Day" by Sylvia Lyons [*SRL* May 8]. She has expressed the feelings of most sensitive women who hate the annual emotional binge which newspaper ads exploit to the point of nausea each Mother's Day. Our family made an agreement a long time ago not to purchase gifts for that day. Geoffrey Gorer, in his new "The American People," calls it the National Day of Atonement for sons and daughters. Mrs. Lyons's ideas for routing the national hysteria into constructive medical help ought to find sympathetic approval.

MILDA W. DEFANDORF.

Milwaukee, Wis.

"Ellis to Kinsey"

SIR: The editing of my article, "Ellis to Kinsey" which appeared in TRADE WINDS [*SRL* May 22] gives the impression that Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," is still published by the F. A. Davis Co., of Philadelphia, whereas publication rights were acquired by Random House in 1936.

DALE WARREN.

Boston, Mass.

Illegitimati non Carborundum

SIR: Quidest "Illegitimati non Carborundum" [*SRL* May 29], Non possum intelligere.

HENRY J. DOLL, M.D.

Buffalo, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Illegitimati non Carborundum" was General Joseph Stilwell's motto, broken Latin meaning "Don't Let the Bastards Grind You Down."*

Complaint-wise

SIR: I wish someone would improvise
A word to replace business-, production-, publicity-, et cetera-wise.

STEPHEN J. DEBAUN.

New York, N. Y.

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Ideas and Studies.

The work of no living French writer is followed more avidly in this country today than that of Jean-Paul Sartre, philosopher, critic, novelist, and playwright. "Existentialism," his philosophy of gloom and despair, is discussed wherever intellectuals foregather. His plays, "No Exit" and "The Respectful Prostitute," created a stir on Broadway the past seasons. Although his ideas seem to express the spirit of present-day France, he formulated them several years before the war. His "Psychology of the Imagination," reviewed below, was published in France in 1936. . . . Two books reviewed this week grimly assume that World War III is inevitable. In "The Pattern of Imperialism," Winslow observes that human beings act as if they desire imperialism, totalitarianism, and war. In "Psychological Warfare," Linebarger proposes methods to defeat the minds of the enemy in a new conflict.

Consciousness, Free and Spontaneous

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF IMAGINATION. By Jean-Paul Sartre. New York: The Philosophical Library. 1948. 285 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by SIEGFRIED KRACAUER

IN THIS volume Sartre again proves himself a genuine thinker. His is a prolific mind which branches out into various fields without ever relinquishing its intensity. Such a combination of latitude and power of penetration would be all but inconceivable, were it not bound up with an essential poverty of life substance.

Sartre's treatise is in the main a phenomenology of imagination. From the outset he insists that our consciousness is able spontaneously to produce mental images. Consciousness, that is, asserts itself not only in perceiving the real, but in calling forth the imaginary. There are two kinds of consciousness: the perceptual and the imaginative. This implies that mental images are not simply counterparts of real objects; nor are they reborn sensations, as the behaviorists would have it. Freely created by consciousness, the imagined object has a character of its own. It is real, yet it presents itself as non-existent; and it does not lend itself to an infinity of perceptions, as the real object does. Unlike the latter, the imagined object is poor in content.

The subsequent descriptions and interpretations serve to bear out Sartre's thesis of the spontaneity of imaginative consciousness. He first examines different kinds of "images" —signs, portraits, imitations, schematic drawings, spots on walls, hypnagogic images—in an effort to demonstrate that they are nothing but material for our consciousness, that it is our very consciousness which transforms all of them into representations of imagined, *i.e.* unreal, objects. Then he analyzes the ways of the mind in establishing these objects. Here again he emphasizes the spontaneity of self. The mental image, as he infers from certain results of experimental psychology, is probably a synthesis of intentional processes involving knowledge and affection—processes accompanied by muscular movements which externalize that image. And finally he inquires into the life of the products of imagination: their existence in a time which is as intangible and unreal as is the space around them. "It is a shadow of time, like the shadow of the object, with its shadow of space." Peopling the dimension of nothingness, these phantomlike units are strangely inflexible and ineffective; we cannot alter them as long as they last, nor can they by themselves alone provoke reactions on our part.

Sartre concludes with a few more general statements. Imagination, he says, evidences man's freedom. Consciousness, though embedded in the existing world, is always free to negate the world by imagining the unreal. This is no futile negation. Rather, through the use it makes of its freedom, imaginative consciousness lives up to its intrinsic task of endowing the real with meaning. Its highest achievement is the significant unreality of the work of art.

The whole is thoroughly in keeping with Sartre's overall attitude. Here as elsewhere he capitalizes on phenomenology, as developed by Husserl, Scheler, and Heidegger, to identify consciousness as a free agent. In evoking images, he time and again avers, we realize spontaneous intentions. Sartre so zealously insists on the spontaneity of consciousness that he tends to minimize, if not disregard, its undeniable limitations. When discussing dreams, for instance, he rejects Freud's doctrine of the dependence of dream content on suppressed desires. The pressure of the unconscious would indeed be incompatible with the freedom he ascribes to imagination.

This sustained attempt to disengage the mind from all bonds that might fetter it is all the more startling since it occurs in a country where widely ramified social conventions are being

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

FLOWERS WITH ADJECTIVES

Listed below are twenty flowers, each preceded by an adjective, making a unique combination which you are to match up with the poet who created it. A score of twelve is par, fourteen is very good, and sixteen or better is excellent. Answers are on page 31.

1. blossomed furze
2. blowing rose
3. bright blue squills
4. flaring hollyhocks
5. frail anemone
6. fresh rhodora
7. fringed gentian
8. frosty asters
9. gaudy melon-flower
10. golden daffodils
11. gorgeous tiger-lilies
12. last rose
13. little buttercup
14. livelier iris
15. lovely rose
16. pastoral eglantine
17. starry jasmine
18. three lilies
19. tufted crow-toe
20. wild thyme

( ) Thomas Bailey Aldrich
( ) Robert Bridges
( ) Robert Browning
( ) William Cullen Bryant
( ) Bliss Carman
( ) Austin Dobson
( ) Ralph Waldo Emerson
( ) Edward FitzGerald
( ) W. S. Gilbert
( ) Oliver Goldsmith
( ) John Keats
( ) Amy Lowell
( ) George Meredith
( ) John Milton
( ) George Moore
( ) Dante Gabriel Rossetti
( ) William Shakespeare
( ) Alfred Tennyson
( ) Edmund Waller
( ) William Wordsworth

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taken for granted. Viewed historically, French thinking differs from German philosophy precisely in that it does not cultivate the individual (or the state) at the expense of society. The reason is that the French succeeded in developing a full-fledged society, while the Germans did not. To the French, freedom is therefore not so much individual autonomy as the measured interplay between outer exigencies and inner urges. Is it still? The resonance Sartre's version of German phenomenology has found in France may well indicate that this fragile equilibrium has been disturbed of late.

Sartre's philosophy reflects social decomposition rather than individual strength. There is something sterile in his infatuation with freedom as such. Possessed by the idea that we are free to imagine or to "engage" ourselves, he rarely tells us what we should actually do with our freedom. But freedom means little unless it materializes in definite actions. It is nothing more than a point of departure. Sartre stops at the beginning. He is an archer who eternally bends the bow without ever shooting the arrow.

This explains the puzzling mixture of abundance and poverty in Sartre's writings. The impression of abundance results from his many-sidedness, his perspicacity, and his gift for observation. Yet what appears in so many guises is invariably the same preliminary problem. Sartre accumulates a multitude of brilliant details to substantiate—not the multitude of life but the necessity of engaging in it. He is poor because life itself evades him. Were he saturated with life, he would act out freedom instead of monotonously glaring at it.

Siegfried Kracauer, currently commissioned to do a study for UNESCO, is author of "From Caligari to Hitler: A Psychological History of the German Film," published in 1947.

Probing a Propagandistic Tool

THE PATTERN OF IMPERIALISM: A Study in the Theories of Power. By E. M. Winslow. New York: Columbia University Press. 1948. 278 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by MARTIN EBON

THE WORD imperialism, in particular the phrase American imperialism, has penetrated from orthodox Marxist vernacular into popular usage. In this process, it has retained its aura of cold-blooded economic wickedness. As it hardened more and more into a handy slogan, the concept of imperialism has been accepted rather uncritically by antagonists and protagonists alike.

Mr. Winslow set out to strip away the century-old layers of theory and prejudice that today obscure the basic pattern of imperialism. He has done this well, and the study under review does credit to his power of examination, his fairmindedness, and his desire to re-think an idea that has deteriorated into little more than a propagandistic tool.

But the author is trapped by his material. His conclusions are not conclusions. They are a summary of current confusions, illusions, and of the hapless-helpless meanderings in the field of politico-economic thought. Nevertheless, in studying the theories of power, Mr. Winslow has done an admirable job of documenting his belief that imperialism in its current manifestations is neither necessarily economic nor "capitalist" in origin. Although he seeks to cut loose from orthodox Marxist notions, the author is forced continually to revert to Marxist nomenclature. He finds that conservatives have done little thinking or writing on the subject, and that analysis of imperialism "has been left almost exclusively to Socialists and other critics of capitalism." He might have added that today's popular and persuasive conservatives, people like Hayek and Hazlitt, are for the most part disenchanted radicals themselves.

Mr. Winslow finds that imperialism is "a political phenomenon—a species of policy which opposes and seeks to destroy all free institutions." Moving along the avenue of analysis, and having just found that imperialism is a non-economic thing, the author does some window-shopping among contemporary panaceas. He discovers, which should startle no one, that human beings are highly ornery creatures who "generally behave as if they want such things as imperialism, militarism, totalitarianism, and even war and that they do not want democracy, freedom, free enterprise, and peace."

Why, yes, exactly. And so Mr. Winslow prescribes us Gandhi and his "political wisdom of a high order, far more advanced and hopeful and far more in accord with the principles of economic and political freedom than exists elsewhere." Granted all that, and it certainly should be granted, the author himself says that he is under "no illusion" that the West will "soon become as hardheaded politically as the humble little man who today stands as the symbol of political maturity."

This book is a good basis for further research and analysis. It stops where today's new efforts should start. What is the real nature of the non-economic forces that make for imperialism, aggression, power greed, and all the rest of it? In this study, an economist shows convincingly that the basis for it all is not economic. He winds up by saying that it is political—or, to be even more cautious, non-economical. So far so good. Now it seems to be the turn of the psychologists, biologists, and anthropologists to have their say. They might as well take over. The science of economics seems to be moving toward self-liquidation.

Ambition

By Charles A. Wagner

I WONDER if the pine is sorry now
It is a house. For I have clearly heard
In the still night the strangest kind of moan
As though the saw had cut through star or bird.

Through the long day the rafters drip with sap
And pick up sunflecks as of old in play;
The warp in wall-boards may be limbs that feel
Their wind-unraveled nests all strewn away.

But in the night I startle up to hear
That moan between the boards. I think the pine
Has had enough and wants old hungers near,
Wants to go back to sweeping skies of wine.

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Peppering the Anxiety Target

PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE. By Paul M. A. Linebarger. Washington, D. C.: Infantry Journal Press. 1948. 259 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD W. DOOB

THIS book is important because it is the first published attempt to describe definitively and comprehensively how psychological warfare was organized and how it functioned during the last war. Its author is competent to make the analysis: as a widely traveled political scientist and an expert on China, he was active in the propaganda bureaucracy of Washington and in the field operations of the China-Burma-India Theatre at Chungking.

The shortcomings of the treatise are numerous but not overwhelmingly significant. Glib historical generalizations and specific historical facts are sometimes either misleading or inaccurate. The author's sense of humor which he promiscuously displays even when paying tribute to his own sagacity produces an annoying sensation that is not especially pleasant—or at least I find him much too smart-alecky. Extremely interesting reproductions of leaflets and other propaganda materials are often spoiled by dogmatic legends, and almost all of them are scattered at random throughout the book with little or no relation to the text in which they are embedded. Similar or identical thoughts are repeated again and again in the respectable tradition of a textbook or an Army manual. Real profundity is cheapened by wisecracks.

On the positive side, Dr. Linebarger has anatomized the nature of psychological warfare. While stressing its accomplishments by means of a fortuitously selected but intriguing set of anecdotes, he has sensibly indicated its inevitable connection with the flow of military events, with political policy, and with the culture and momentary backgrounds of the peoples who are its targets. Through the brilliance of hindsight he has emphasized how organizationally confused the American propaganda effort was. In fact, most insiders seem to agree that, like the military effort itself, only the miracle of good will among individual Americans and not the administrative blueprints enabled our psychological-warfare machine to function.

The volume stresses in detail the ways in which war propaganda should be planned and executed. Psychological warfare is not or should not be an art that any journalist, publicity agent, account executive, or poet can be expected to discharge without further training and supervision. For this reason Dr. Linebarger's part two on "Analysis, Intelligence, and Estimate of the Situation," though less dramatic and exciting than the other two parts of his book, should be read carefully if critically by anyone interested in this phase of warfare. Missing in his analysis is a systematic, psychological dissection of people which, it appears to me, can facilitate the planning and execution of psychological warfare. It is, for example, possible to state that the objective of a given campaign is to "demoralize" enemy troops so that they will surrender or desert. If demoralization is understood in terms of increasing anxiety and if the principles of human anxiety in any situation are known, then the propagandist has a matrix into which he can place whatever propaganda intelligence he possesses and out of which he can draw particular and feasible themes to be disseminated through the communication media at his disposal.

The book, being polemic in tone, is oriented toward the future, and by the future Dr. Linebarger explicitly means the next war. Fair enough: if logistics and aerial warfare are planned and improved in the interval between wars, certainly psychological warfare deserves its share of attention. As by necessity or hysteria we keep ourselves in this frame of mind, Dr. Linebarger's admittedly subjective account deserves the hearing it is doubtless obtaining in official circles. For the sake of psychological warfare, however, his description and recommendations require objective evaluation and correction.

Leonard W. Doob, associate professor of psychology at Yale University and well-known author and authority on propaganda and psychological warfare, took a leading part in organizing OWI during the war.

Without Name

By Pauli Murray

CALL it neither love nor spring madness,
Nor chance encounter nor quest ended.
Observe it casually as pussy-willows
Or push-cart pansies on a city street.
Let this seed growing in us
Granite-strong with persistent root
Be without name, or call it the first
Warm wind that caressed your cheek
And traded unshared kisses between us.
Call it the elemental earth
Bursting the clasp of too-long winter
And trembling for the plough-blade.

Let our blood chant it
And our flesh sing anthems to its arrival,
But our lips shall be silent, uncommitted.

My Current Reading

Frank Stanton, youngest president of a major radio network, was thirty-seven when he was placed in charge of the Columbia Broadcasting System two years ago. Recognized as one of the chief authorities in the field of radio research, Mr. Stanton is the author of many articles and studies in psychology, marketing, and radio research. With Paul F. Lazarsfeld of Columbia University, he developed the Stanton-Lazarsfeld program analyzer to test the reactions of radio audiences.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE: *Supplement II, by H. L. Mencken (Knopf)*

THE AGE OF JACKSON, *by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (Little, Brown)*

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RECORD, *by Charles O'Connell (Knopf)*

LINDEN ON THE SAUGUS BRANCH, *by Elliot Paul (Random)*

MONA LISA'S MUSTACHE, *by T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings (Knopf)*

SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE, *by Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Clyde E. Martin (W. B. Saunders)*

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE SOCIAL SCIENCES, Vol. I, *edited by Geza Roheim (International Universities Press)*

THE BIG SKY, *by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (Sloane)*

THE AMERICAN PAST, *by Roger Butterfield (Simon & Schuster)*

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, *by Geoffrey Gorer (Norton)*

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STAGE

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Lyrics & Music by HOWARD DIETZ & ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
Dances & Musical Numbers by HELEN TAMIRIS
"Inside U.S.A." suggested by John Gunther's book
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HENRY FONDA
in
Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
with DAVID WAYNE
ROBERT KEITH · WILLIAM HARRIGAN
ALVIN Thea., W. 52nd St., Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A RIOT." — Morehouse, Sun
JOSEPH M. HYMAN presents
Make Mine Manhattan
The Gay New Musical Revue
Staged by
HASSARD SHORT
Sketches & Lyrics by ARNOLD B. HORWITT · Music by RICHARD LEWINE
BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Air-Conditioned

PULITZER PRIZE & CRITICS' AWARD
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
with JESSICA TANDY
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"HERE'S A HAPPY HIT." Garland, Jrn'l-Amer.
MARJORIE and SHERMAN EWING present
THE HARTMANS & HANK LADD
in The Smash Musical Revue
ANGEL IN THE WINGS
CORONET Thea., W. 49 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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The RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE
CORT THEATRE · 48th St. E. of B'way · CI 5-4289
Evgs. 8:45. Matinees WED. and SAT. 2:45

FICTION

(*Continued from page 11*)

cusations, "Exactly! To buy a headline we need! To buy the politicians! To buy the skeptics who don't believe we've got the stuff to hit a tough target in spite of hell! To buy the airplanes the pressure groups will send somewhere else. . . . I still make the decision here! . . . They'll go this morning, even if we don't get one airplane back!"

That's the point and it is pressed home powerfully, with the roar of B-17's (which dates the action pretty well) and the familiar, irresistible pattern of war in the air and sweating it out on the ground. I have suggested a lesser degree of dramatic skill here, because the authors have been willing to obscure, somewhat, the realism of the tale with some of the cliches of romantic fiction. That is, Frank Savage is a little too much like Superman up to the very end, when battle-fatigue removes him, whole and eloquent, from the stage. And there is his soulful romance with a flight-leftenant named Pamela. But these things are happily minor irritations. The men run the show in rugged fashion and at a terrific pace. No devotee of stories of the Air Corps is going to be at all able to resist it.

California Charade

WESTWARD THE DREAM. By Frances Marion. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 312 pp. $3.

Reviewed by EDWIN SEAVER

IN "Westward the Dream," Frances Marion has dragged out Great-Grandmamma's and Grandpapa's clothes from the attic and acted out a charade of early California. One of our popular book-club mentors is reported as saying that "most readers want a forward-moving, fast-paced story with a plot. . . . Something has to happen to somebody." This describes Miss Marion's novel pretty well. In fact, as in hundreds of other such novels, just about everything happens to everybody.

"Westward the Dream" tells how tall, lean, young John Markham and his delicate, dedicated young wife, Melody, take the long trek from Iowa to southern California, where eventually John carves out a great ranch for himself. Bighearted, red-haired, desert wanderer Jim Burke joins up with him; a true pal if there ever was one. All would be just ducky if beautiful, black-haired, green-eyed Consuelo Moreno did not fall in love with John

SCREEN

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STAGE

"A SONG-AND-DANDY.. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
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SHUBERT Thea., 44th St. W. of B'way.
Ev'gs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"MERMAN'S A WOW."—Chapman, News
ETHEL MERMAN
In the World-Wide Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
with RAY MIDDLETON
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
Air-Conditioned. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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and marry Jim, just to be a member of the household, so to speak. As you might expect, something happens to somebody, and I would not for the world give Miss Marion's plot away in this ill-tempered review.

On the whole, "Westward the Dream" reminds me very much of those bicycles a certain German industrialist was reported to be manufacturing in Argentina during the war. The strangest thing about those bicycles, more than one commentator remarked, was that no matter which way you put them together they always turned out to be machine guns. No matter which way you put Miss Marion's novel together it turns out to be a prefabricated movie script.

I hope I am not being too severe with "Westward the Dream." It is no better and no worse than hundreds of other such novels; is, in fact, rather better written than many. The whole thing takes place in southern California in the early nineteenth century, but shucks! it could also take place in Brooklyn today, given the proper costumes and a lot of open space to run around in; that's what gives a story like this its universality, I suppose. When will the American people grow up and demand historical novels commensurate with the magnificent enterprise and heroism of their past? Until then we shall have to be content with slick versions of pulp magazine fiction like this.

Nineteenth-Century Quadrangle

THE MILL ON MAD RIVER. By Howard Clark. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 278 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

HISTORICAL novels are of three kinds—the Gadsooks school, the Weather Bureau school, and the Hurray for Us school. In the Gadsooks novels, atmosphere is as thick as a London fog, with dialogue full of "La, sir," "Gadsooks," and "I vum." The Weather Bureau novel is committed to accuracy of physical fact. It may garble and misinterpret human behavior, but it will never have a snowstorm going on at Lexington, Massachusetts on the morning of March 17, 1773, unless there was a snowstorm there and then. Novels of the Hurray for Us variety make it their chief business to congratulate us for having had remarkably fine ancestors

—on the theory that we are all descended from the hero.

"The Mill on Mad River," though straddling all three schools, leans pretty much to the latter. It gives the impression of having been written by a man who, after reading a good many historical novels, said to himself, "By George, I could do as well as that." And, on average, he has. But the more novels of this sort there are, the harder it becomes to do a good one. That, perhaps, represents the error in his calculations.

Following the principle of averages, Mr. Clark has judiciously chosen a period halfway between the two wars (Revolutionary and Civil) to which most historical novelists are drawn. The story begins in 1810. Anson Holt, orphan, is brought into the Connecticut home of his grandfather where he is sadistically handled by a churchly great aunt. He grows up in spite of her, displaying the self-reliant traits that we have been taught by historical romance to think of as American, falls in love with a Southern belle who is mixed up with an English villain determined to gain her hand, snatches her out of his clutches and brings her home, builds his own brass factory on the money gained from a Yankee peddler tour in the South, and returns from a business trip to England to find his factory burned down by an incendiary and his wife's beauty scarred from the fire. There is a sister from whom the hero is separated in youth and whom he recovers by coincidence. There is a villain who turns good when the plot requires it, and also turns out to be the twin brother of the real villain. There is the faithful boyhood friend.

Perhaps it is unfair to summarize the plot of such a novel so badly. Yet the writer who makes his plot the main thing must presumably be willing to be judged by it. This plot has been so influenced by all the other plots of similar kind, that one wonders whether it too was settled by computation of averages.

There is enough awkwardness of dialogue, and stereotyping of character, and working in of historical facts accumulated in research, to suggest that Mr. Clark is having his first go at this kind of thing. Yet there is, too, a vitality and naive pleasure in the telling which makes the reader willing to keep going. There is a reassuring familiarity with the place and period, and some interesting information about the infant American brass industry struggling to be free of British monopoly.

The question is whether this is enough for a good historical novel, particularly when the style and tone are of this familiar sort:

> The pressure of her hand in his, and the sweet welcome in her smile, told him all he wanted to know more than any words could have done.

The purpose of historical fiction to glorify a nation through the retelling of its past is as old as Homer. It can be a noble aim. It can be widely noble when, as in America, the hero is no exalted king but rather is all of us —the common man. It is because of this revolution in the concept of the hero that the building of America has become, with ancient Troy and King Arthur's England, one of the great themes of fiction. But because the theme is great and because in our day a firm faith in the dignity of the common man as hero is a necessary element in our struggle to make democratic values survive, it is inadequate to treat it with less than a full understanding, or to suppose that a cheerful gusto and an unreflective romanticism are enough.

Homer made Achilles great because he saw the faults in him. Have we not long enough been praising our cultural hero with an outlook naive and starry-eyed? There are still great stories to be written about him. But first we must grow sufficiently to match our seeing with Homer's lighted blindness.

STAGE

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The LAUGH HIT
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LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way

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NURSERY REBELLION

(*Continued from page* 20)

"This research establishes the following facts:

"The originator of the Mother Goose rhymes was Charles Perrault, a seventeenth-century French satirist. He wrote about a dozen of the ditties, publishing them under his son's name, Perrault d'Armancour, in 1697. They were represented as fairy tales under the title "Contes de ma Mère l'Oye," and incorporated some fiendish tales which had previously appeared in Italy under the title "Pentamerone," although Perrault recast them in singsong ditty rhythm.

Perrault was one of the most controversial literary figures of his time, largely as a result of his four-volume study comparing classical times with his own in "Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes" (1688).

"I had to brush up on my French before I could get through the "Parallèle," but there is one passage in particular, in which he discusses the deplorable readiness of people to be victimized by superstition or the spurious. He insists that the most ridiculous statement, if presented plausibly, will be readily taken up.

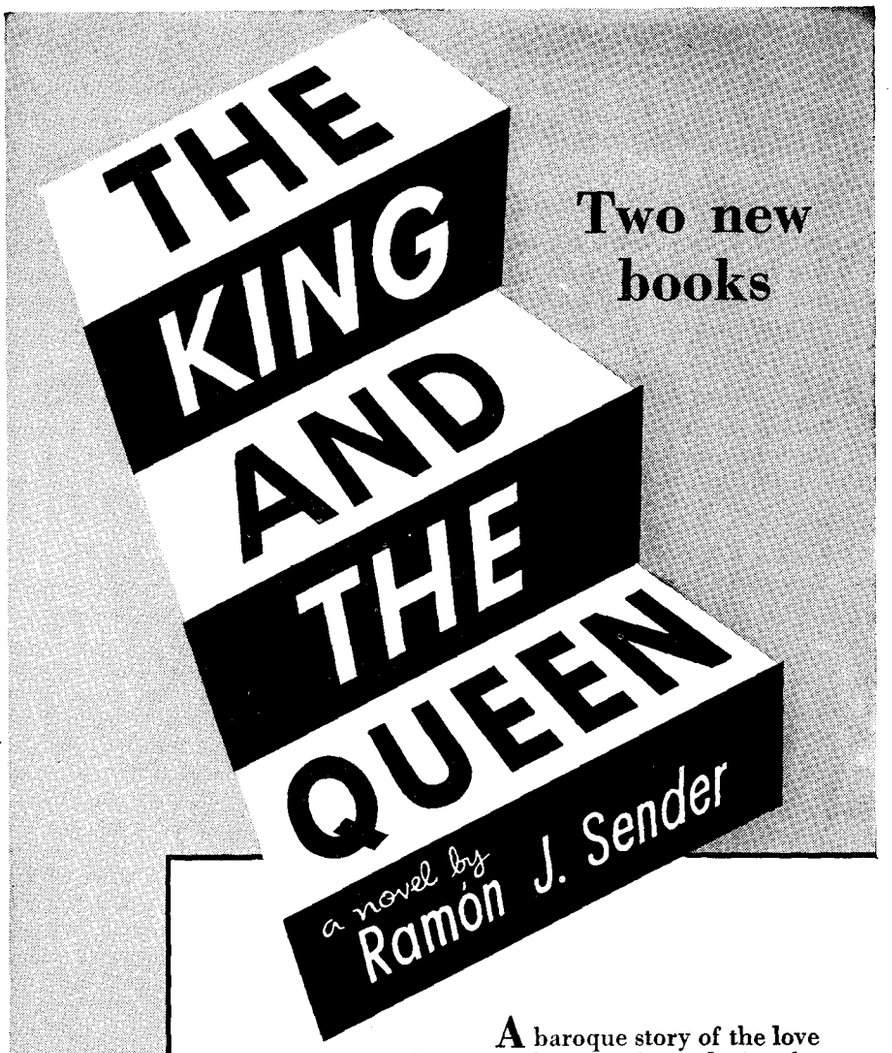
"Then, in letters written by Perrault and tucked away in the back pages of an obscure book by Nicolas Boileau-Despreaux, a contemporary critic, we find the outline of Perrault's grand hoax. He will write vicious commentaries on current events and current personalities, but he will dress them up with charming illustrations in rhymes to be read to children 'during nursery hours.'

"Perrault predicted that people would buy them as charming and harmless ditties — completely insensible and insensitive to the fact that the words themselves conveyed ideas and images which were suitable for anything except the nursery.

"He once claimed that the distance from the sun to the earth was as nothing compared to the distance from the tongue to the brain—and that the mouth could form sounds without the mind even dimly comprehending what was being said. And he proved it with Mother Goose—millions of copies of which are still being sold every year! Too bad Perrault didn't arrange to collect royalties! In any event, he predicted that human gullibility would be his monument, and there is apparently no danger of that monument ever toppling—now that it has endured for more than 350 years.

"And here you are expecting an old gaffer like me to get excited about the inaneness of the terror comics. . . ."

N. C.



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By REBECCA HOURWICH REYHER

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BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page 19*)

of intensive research in which she and John M. Manly collaborated in the preparation of the definitive "Text of The Canterbury Tales," Professor Rickert's material, most of which has never before been available, not only illuminates Chaucer's poetry, but weaves a vivid tapestry of life in one of the most fascinating and critical periods in all of history.

With all their differences, the fourteenth and the twentieth centuries have much in common. Both eras are characterized by revolutionary changes not only in the forces that shape and control society, but in the very structure of society itself. The tensions of the modern world, caused in large measure by the threatened destruction of capitalism and democracy, were duplicated in Chaucer's time by the tensions that arose as a result of the breakdown of feudalism in both its economic and its political aspects. In no formal history do the economic and the social conditions which led to the famous Peasants' Revolt emerge as clearly as they do in the contemporary documents which describe the poverty and the misery that were the lot of the common man in the Middle Ages. Excerpts from "Piers the Plowman" describing the plight of the peasants, a contemporary chronicler's account of a riot at the distribution of alms, a legal record reporting demands for higher wages and better working conditions, all strike a familiar note to the modern reader and lead him to hope that the chaos and the famine and the pestilence and the war that are so graphically recounted in many of the other documents in this book will not once more repeat themselves in his time.

But neither in modern times nor in the Middle Ages is human life determined exclusively by the major social, economic, and political forces which are in operation. Men and women in Chaucer's world were motivated by very much the same needs and desires that motivate people in the twentieth century—the need to make a living, the desire to raise a family, the search for health and comfort, the love of fun and entertainment, the quest for moral and ethical signposts that give meaning to life in this world and hope of continued life in the hereafter. Perhaps the most interesting and certainly the most human documents in this book are those that describe the day-to-day life of men and women in every stratum of society. Tradesmen sell their wares in the great London markets and try to cheat their customers. A hit-and-run driver is hailed into court. A young couple, faced with a housing shortage, arranges to live with the groom's mother. The authorities are forced to intervene in a broil among the students at Oxford. Thousands of spectators watch the champion jouster defeat all challengers in a tournament sponsored by the king. A nobleman makes detailed provisions in his will for an elaborate funeral. Thousands of victims of the black death lie unburied in the streets of London. With very few changes, these might be items from a modern newspaper.

It is this note of modernity, largely created by the unique arrangement of the materials by Drs. Crow and Olson, following Professor Rickert's original plan, that is the most striking thing about the book. Along with the more than fifty contemporary illustrations selected by Margaret Rickert, the documents in this volume will not only be useful to the student of Chaucer and of the Middle Ages, but will be of great interest to the general reader who wants a vivid picture of a time strangely akin to his own.

Milton L. Zisowitz, Forest Hills [L. I.] High School English teacher, did graduate work at Columbia University in medieval literature.

Extrovert

By Maxine Brinkley

TO YOU a poem is a measured thing,
Is mathematical and even-lined.
The words make firm impression and must sing
With no phrase subtle, no phrase undefined.
For you a painting is a color chart,
A rigid reproduction of a scene
That you can see with head and not with heart,
And have no need to ask, "What does it mean?"
A melody becomes a multitude
Of sounds you like, yet you will turn away
Oblivious of undercurrent mood,
Of overtones the voice lacks power to say.
And love is a nuance you can forget,
Be stranger to . . . as if you had not met.

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(Continued from page 8)

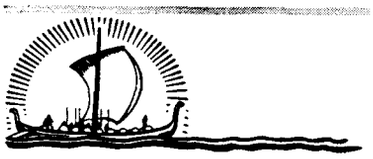
toievsky's prophecy has partly come true; for what is the import of the greater mass of our fiction and drama, dealing with murder, crime, and all manner of brutality, if it does not in fact feed a sadistic fancy of the most wanton kind. True, this delight is still on the imaginative plane, still a vicarious delight, sometimes deviously sublimated; yet does it not indicate the very attitude toward life which has permitted supposedly normal and moral people to accept the extermination of six million Jews by the Nazis without vocal protest: not merely accepting it, but making no effort—I am speaking of ourselves, not the Germans—to atone in the name of humanity for the wrong so malevolently perpetrated? Decent men, one might have thought, would be sleepless till they had covered this horror with bountiful acts of mercy and succour, to say nothing of justice. So far from helping to heal the wounds done to the Jews, we have as a nation allowed our own country, by its inaction and its irresponsibility, as well as by our more active betrayals of our Palestine commitments this spring, to pour salt and vinegar into these wounds.

The fact is that our practised indifference to cruelty in every form made it possible for ourselves to accept mass extermination in the guise of obliteration bombing, as a perfectly acceptable method of warfare. Almost overnight, during the Second World War, strict inhibitions against random violence and heedless wholesale homicide were utterly broken down, undoing work it had taken ages to build up. So completely have we accepted mass extermination now that there has as yet been no united protest on the part of churches against the implications of this policy, despite the fact that another war, should it break out, would begin, not where the Second World War left off, but at a point so far beyond that in the deployment of scientific instruments of extermination that the very people who first helped to design these weapons now recoil with horror over the prospects before the human race. In this situation, our moral inertness actually endangers our physical survival.

PLAINLY our indifference to violence is almost as grave a symptom as our readiness to practise violence. We who sometimes imagine ourselves morally superior to the crowds which used to attend a human execution by faggot or rope, have, unfortunately, participated in a thousand equally revolting practices: spectacles and audible dramas over the radio which should, if we were in a more healthy state, have filled us with nausea and disgust. What is worse, many of us allow our children to grow up in this medium of imaginative violence and bestiality, with little more than a feeble shrug of our shoulders to signify our moral abdication—though we wouldn't allow poisoned or tainted food to be served to our young without taking vigorous and authoritative measures to safeguard their health. To live at all in the dehumanized world we have created, we must first disembowel our own humanity. If such hardness were not all but universal, how could one explain the failure of the United States, with its immense wealth and resources, to provide a prompt haven for the refugees of Europe? When we survey the demoralization of mankind today, we must, in all impartiality, see how much our own conduct bears witness to most of the sins we are ready to denounce so vigorously in others.

SO FAR, I have been dealing only with obvious symptoms. What I have been trying to indicate is that the disintegration which has become visible and almost universal in our time was actually in existence, though happily still in a latent state, all through the nineteenth century. What looks like clairvoyant prediction in the great nineteenth-century prophets, from Blake and Hugo to Dostoievsky and Burckhardt, was mere power to read contemporary evidence from small but significant samples that were usually overlooked. The Thirty Years War we still have not emerged from did not create these conditions and predispositions in our society. What war did was to weaken the social organism, to break down the protective resistance of normal tissue to the germs of violence, destruction, and debasement that are constantly present, to overdevelop those parts of our culture which favored the uncontrolled exploitation of physical power. As a result we have lost any other basis for conduct than the will to survive, a will that becomes ever feebler and more subject to suicidal turnings upon itself, as a people loses its religious sense of a goal and a purpose beyond mere existence.

Now, just as in certain diseases, like tuberculosis, the presence of fever sometimes produces a state of euphoria, and the flushed cheeks of the patient make superficial observers



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even think he is in a state of health, so in a dying civilization many phenomena which are surely quickening the tempo of disintegration are often looked upon as benign indications of energy and health. Thus, at the present moment, every great government is expending billions of dollars on the perfection of instruments of mass extermination: biological and atomic weapons which will be capable of wiping out millions of helpless human beings. In this society nuclear physics is, theoretically speaking, the most advanced aspect of science; and its triumphs have brought the human mind face to face with the innermost mysteries of the physical world, the ultimate transformations of matter and energy which bind together the atom and the star. Yet every current addition to such knowledge, so far from being beneficial and life-promoting, as we once innocently assumed that all truth must be, tends at this moment further to upset the equilibrium of political society and to endanger man's chances of even biological survival.

If we had a modicum of reason and moral discipline left, we would demand, with a united voice, that our government take the recent advice of the International Committee of Atomic Scientists, and cease to produce atomic energy for any purposes for at least ten years; meanwhile devoting all our energies to creating universal organs of political cooperation, with a common law, a common system of justice, a common police force, capable of preventing war or mass extermination in any form from breaking out. But our efforts for peace are still mean, grudging, niggardly, and half-hearted in comparison with our generous efforts to create new engines of mass extermination. In view of the danger the world faces, how inert has been the reaction of the mass of our countrymen, not least our leaders who should speak on behalf of morals and religion. Augustine's prophetic words about the pursuit of the physical sciences, as a form of human insolence that would surely alienate man from God, have in fact been corroborated in our own generation. We have reached a point in history where the unchecked pursuit of truth, without regard to its social consequences, will bring to a swift end the pursuit of truth, by wiping out the very civilization that

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE THREE ROADS *Kenneth Millar* (Alfred Knopf: $2.50)	Maniacal murder of navy-wife involves lieut. with blank mind, girl who loves him, psychiatrist, and others in many thrilling situations.	Head-and-shoulders above most psychological crime stories in plot, writing, character work, and understandable treatment of complex theme.	Distinguished
SAVAGE BREAST *Manning Long* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	New York apt. house murders of doctor, mistress, and maid mainly solved by expectant Liz Parrott who produces killer and offspring.	Opening cantos diverting and story progresses with much gusto to unexpected climax and lengthy explanation which demands slide-rule, calipers, etc.	Pretty good
MURDER IS AN EVIL BUSINESS *Marion Bramhall* (Crime Club: $2)	Hanging, poisoning and similar violence clouds end-of-season in Cape Cod summer colony. Vacationing couple give taciturn detective valuable assistance.	Honest and unquaint treatment of Cape Codders redeeming feature of tale that moves swiftly and with copious thrills to dubious solution.	Entertaining
BLOOD ON THE STARS *Brett Halliday* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Miami murder of wealthy sportsman's wife and theft of star-ruby plunge Mike Shayne into trouble with cops and killers.	Silly first chapter is followed by entrance of Shayne and satisfying amount of shooting, slugging, cognac swilling, and shrewd sleuthing.	For Shayne fans
PAUL'S APARTMENT *Van Siller* (Crime Club: $2)	Murder in N. Y. taxi, suicide of writer's inscrutable spouse, and strange aftermath almost madden scribe—but detective saves him.	*Femme fatale* and her puzzled consort interestingly drawn and story pops with suspense—but solution calls for great deal of believing.	Acceptable

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has favored it. That would indeed be the judgment of God.

So much by way of a very rough and ready account of what has been happening to our civilization and to the human personality within the last thirty years. There will doubtless, in any cooperative inquiry, be many corrections and additions to make to this account; in the most complete tally, some essential truths will probably slip through our net, since the most important questions one may ask about a civilization are those which its members usually regard as beyond, if not above, question. But I think it is significant that the historians and sociologists of many different schools, philosophies, and basic temperaments, people as different as Burckhardt and Toynbee and Spengler and Mannheim and Geddes and Kahler, as Berdayev and Sorokin and Schweitzer, progressive minds and reactionary minds alike, have in viewing our society come to similar conclusions about its actual demoralization and disintegration. They agree that the debuilding processes are now uppermost, and that mankind as a whole now lives in a state of utmost peril: a state never even approximated in human history since the slow invasion of the glaciers during the Ice Ages. All the resources our society still possesses, all its present energies and vitalities and values, must be focussed now on the upbuilding and regenerative functions: those leading to immediate survival, and those leading to the beginning of a new cycle of civilization. In this new phase of culture the mechanisms we have created will come under the dominance of man's moral will and his life-fulfilling and life-perfecting—that is his religious—purposes. The task of mobilizing and bringing into action these resources falls—and falls imperiously—to each one of us.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Goldsmith: "The Deserted Village." 2. FitzGerald: "The Rubaiyat." 3. Lowell: "Patterns." 4. Dobson: "A Garden Song." 5. Bridges: "Idle Flowers." 6. Emerson: "The Rhodora." 7. Bryant: "To a Fringed Gentian." 8. Carman: "A Vagabond Song." 9. Browning: "Home from Abroad." 10. Wordsworth: "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud." 11. Aldrich: "Tiger Lilies." 12. Moore: "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer." 13. Gilbert: "Pinafore." 14. Tennyson: "Locksley Hall." 15. Waller: "Go, Lovely Rose." 16. Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale." 17. Meredith: "Love in the Valley." 18. Rossetti: "The Blessed Damozel." 19. Milton: "Lycidas." 20. Shakespeare: "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

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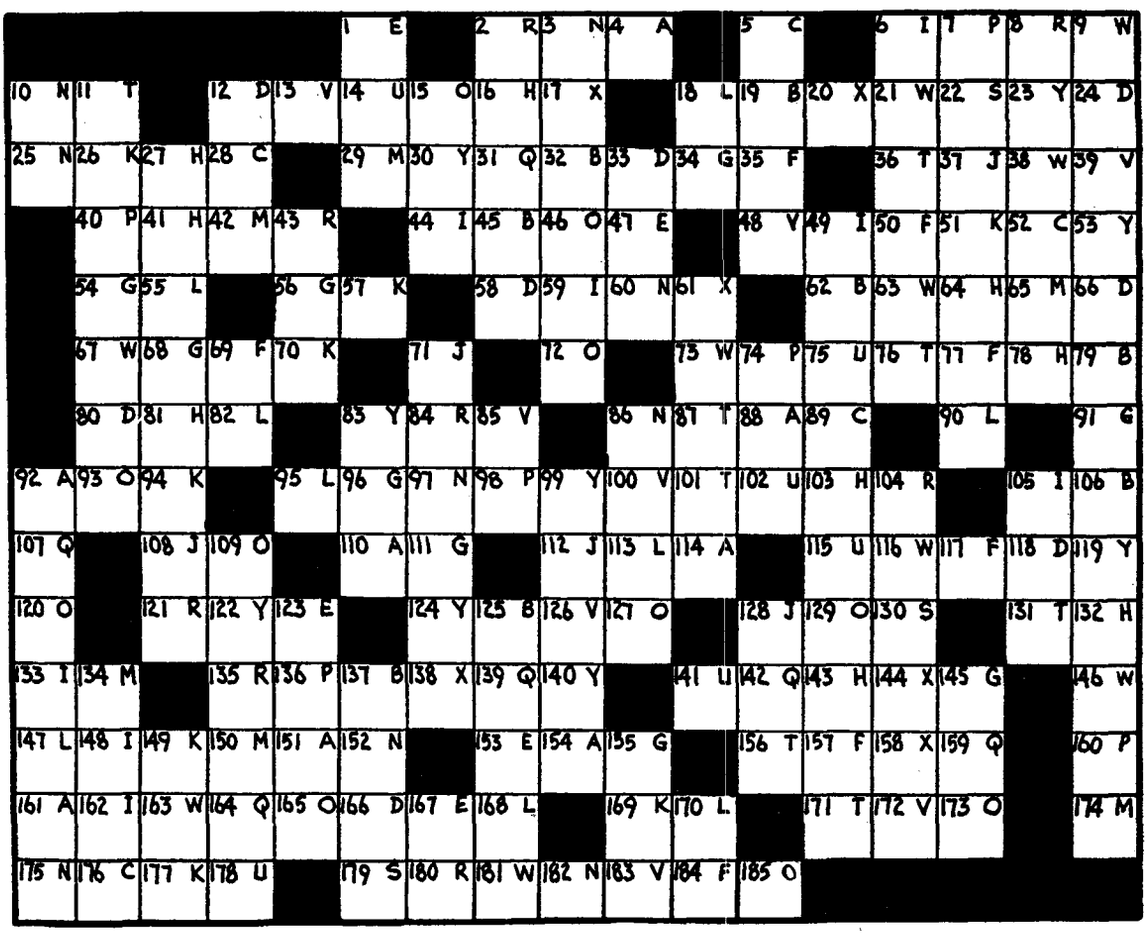
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A rogue; a gallows bird (slang).	154 114 110 161 4 92 151 88
B. Confederate general who surrendered to Sherman, April 26, 1865.	32 106 125 19 79 62 45 137
C. A rampart or raised work (Rom. antiq.).	5 52 28 89 176
D. Czech theologian and educator (1592-1670).	12 166 58 33 66 24 118 80
E. The sacred woolen cord worn as a girdle by the Parsis.	47 167 123 153 1
F. Roman historian and politician (86-34 B.C.).	184 50 77 69 157 117 35
G. Member of a religious sect formed in Chicago about 1880 which founded the American colony in Jerusalem.	68 91 155 145 34 54 56 111 96
H. Seat of Vanderbilt and Fisk Universities.	27 64 16 81 143 41 78 103 132
I. One of the world's best examples of Saracenic architecture (in India).	44 59 105 6 133 49 148 162
J. Seaport on rocky peninsula N. of Dublin Bay, Irish Free State.	128 108 71 112 37
K. Combining oil and water colors in painting (process introduced about 1780).	57 177 94 70 169 51 26 149
L. Warmed over, of a dish or food; also applied to material worked over (Fr.).	168 147 95 113 90 18 170 55 82
M. Mischievous; spiteful; eldritch.	174 134 42 65 29 150
N. Commercial and manufacturing city of Holland.	175 182 25 10 97 60 152 3 86
O. Austrian violin virtuoso and prolific composer (1739-99; with "von").	72 129 127 120 185 15 173 165 46 93 109
P. Heroine of a popular Wagnerian tragic opera (in title).	7 160 74 40 98 136
Q. A small knob, lump, or excrescence.	164 139 31 107 159 142
R. Cheap showiness.	135 104 2 8 84 121 180 43
S. Ancient Italian goddess of the harvest.	22 179 130
T. To begin anything, esp. a speech, and to proceed with it rapidly (2 wds.; colloq.).	156 171 131 76 87 36 101 11
U. Muscular; strong.	102 115 14 75 141 178
V. Yawning; drowsy; sluggish.	13 85 48 183 172 126 39 100
W. Elsewhither.	181 67 73 38 146 63 9 163 21 116
X. An Australian sheep dog.	61 17 158 20 138 144
Y. The bride in the Song of Solomon (vi, 13).	140 83 30 119 122 23 99 124 53

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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Saturday Review

OF RECORDINGS

for JULY, 1948

IMPRESSIONS

IN THE march of phonographic progress, ffrr has been succeeded by Microgroove as the newest "open sesame" to a richer world of musical enjoyment. Columbia's startling contribution to the advance of reproduced sound, whose chronology and research progress are detailed elsewhere in this issue, has one unmistakable significance: it takes the phonograph out of the kindergarten, makes it an adult ally of musical experience.

It now becomes possible, for the first time, to experience, uninterrupted, most lengthy musical works in the sequence imagined by the composer. With the combination of slower speed and narrower groove, a twelve-inch side can accommodate as much as thirty minutes of music—adequate for many entire pre-Beethoven symphonies, almost all symphonic movements, and more than a few acts of standard operas. Initially, a special player is required; but it is likely to become an integral feature of units planned for the future.

The prospects of convenience and economy are obvious, but even more fundamental is the artistic gain. No longer necessary are the arbitrary breaks interrupting the mood and spirit of a performance, with the ever-present doubt in the performer's mind: "Am I preserving exactly the same tempo I started with?" This is still in the future of Columbia's long-playing record, for everything of present availability was created under conventional conditions: but it is a prospect to which one looks with real anticipation.

Columbia's decision to combine long-playing advantages with the quiet and non-breakability of Vinylite is indeed welcome, especially as the feather-light pickup — five grams on the record—now makes possible the noise-free reproduction for which the public has been waiting. Whether all these boons can be preserved through quantity production remains to be seen, but the samples I have heard are vastly encouraging.

Also encouraging is Columbia's price structure, which makes available the gains itemized above at an actual saving, per minute of music, on the cost of conventional records. Finally, it is heartening to note that RCA Victor will soon have available a dual-speed portable record player, to which, it is assumed, the pickup necessary for playing Columbia's record can be attached. Is it too much to hope that the industry can get together on the specifications for competing merchandise, and spare the consumer as many headaches—and additional gadgets—as possible?

IRVING KOLODIN.
Editor, SRL RECORDINGS.

ARTICLES

The Perennial Irving Berlin ..... HOWARD DIETZ 37
A 33-1/3 Revolution in Recording. GODDARD LIEBERSON 40
"Vive La Nouvelle Orléans" .... HUGUES PANASSIE 50

REVIEWS

Brahms: Requiem (Von Karajan, Shaw) ....
Bloch: Quartet No. 2 (Stuyvesant Quartet) ..
Ravel: Concerto, 1932 (Leonard Bernstein) .. } IRVING KOLODIN 42
Milhaud: Symphony No. 1 (Milhaud conducting) ..... AARON COPLAND 43
Shakespeare: "Hamlet" Soliloquies (Gielgud) .. JOHN KIERAN 52

DEPARTMENTS

RECORDINGS Reports on Classical Releases 44
A Letter from Italy ..... JOHN MCKNIGHT 46
Some Highs and Lows ..... EDWARD TATNALL CANBY .. 48
The Other Side ..... ROLAND GELATT 49
The Younger Set ..... MARIE L. MUTCH 51
Hits and Misses ..... WILDER HOBSON 52
RECORDINGS Reports on Pop Releases 53
Letters to the RECORDINGS Editor 54
Records Over the Nation 55

All prices quoted include Federal tax

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ANOTHER FABULOUS "FIRST"

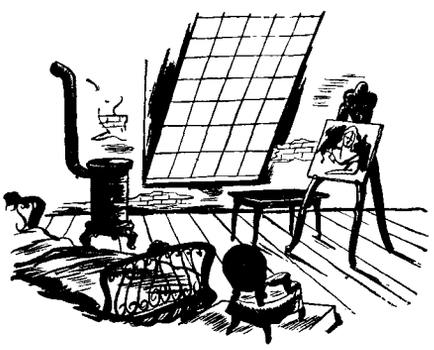
ON

COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS RECORDS

PUCCINI'S

La BOHÊME

A METROPOLITAN OPERA ASSOCIATION PRODUCTION



Now Columbia presents—direct from the stage to you—the first complete performance of an Italian opera ever recorded in America. One of the most charming and appealing classics of the whole repertoire, La Bohême features an incomparable Metropolitan cast. A rich, rewarding addition to your record library—one you will enjoy time and again.

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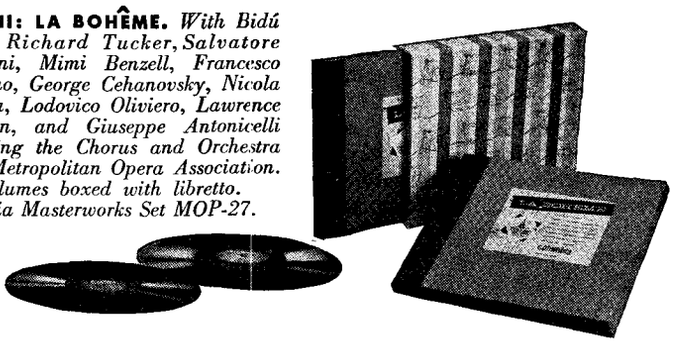

For New, Brilliant, Lifelike Reproduction. The Columbia "Tailored-Tip*" Sapphire Needle —microscopically tailored to fit the groove by master recording engineers. Helps to end needle care, record wear, and to reduce surface noise. Only $1.50.

*Trade-mark

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HEAR THE GREAT ARTISTS AT THEIR BEST ON

COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS RECORDS

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

The Perennial Irving Berlin

HOWARD DIETZ

THE WORDS and music of Irving Berlin—like the Ford car and nylon stockings—rank among the foremost commodities in American enterprise. Not only do his rhythms throng the airways, warm the juke boxes, liven the dance hall, and harmonize the living room, but they are also extremely exportable, as is much other American light music (which has an eighty per cent hold on the Continent and a ninety-five per cent one in England).

At sixty Berlin stands both as a phenomenon, and a hardy perennial of the age. As eager and ambitious as in 1911, when he created a new note in the popular song with "Alexander's Ragtime Band," he has just finished his eleventh musical picture, "Easter Parade," and the score of his twenty-seventh musical show, "Stars Over My Shoulder." Wisely, he knows that to live is to function. His pleasure is his work, and his work is to be a popular success. He does not care to be considered witty or brilliant or artistic. He wants to be a hit. Someone described his show "Annie Get Your Gun" as old-fashioned. "Yes," he said, "a good old-fashioned smash."

Only two popular American songwriters create both the words and the music. The other one is Cole Porter. Berlin started out as a lyric writer, a parodist, when he was a singing waiter in the Pelham Cafe on Pell Street in the Bowery, run by Nigger Mike Salter. He learned to pick out melodies with one finger to help him in rearranging the words of a current hit. Not quite sure of himself musically, his original efforts were to the tunes of Messrs. Nicholson, Piantadosi, and Ted Snyder. In only a few cases after he became an all-round song-writer did he work in collaboration with anyone. In 1912 he wrote with Vincent Bryant, an extremely comic versifier who is known for the Montgomery and Stone songs. By this time, however, Berlin had learned enough music to specialize on the melodies.

His early illiteracy can be considered one of his assets. Unhampered by technical rules of verse forms, he was not concerned with the difference between assonance and rhyme. To him the sound still justifies the sense, since most people are also indifferent to poetic tradition and therefore not bothered by many accents that would offend the sensitive ear. However, as time passed he listened to the charm-school experts like P. G. Wodehouse and the more recent over-rhyming Lorenz Hart, and altered his own primitive technique as a concession to the times. Always shrewd, his songs written since the First World War reveal a graceful versifier with accents on polysyllabic words whipped into the proper place. In the Nigger Mike days he could not have risen to "Lazy," with lines like, "I want to sleep in the deep tangled wildwood, counting sheep while I sleep like a child would; with a great big valise-full of books to read where it's peaceful."

Berlin's "words and music—like the Ford car and nylon[s]—rank among the foremost commodities in American enterprise."

BERLIN thinks directly and unpretentiously, knows that a song is neither music nor words separately, but a combination blended into the perfect wedding. He starts from an idea more often than from a tune. It may be the meagerest idea, but it is an uncluttered one. Where repetition of sound serves, he does not choose to rhyme even though he is as capable of doing so as the next flimsy poet. It is this emphasis on the idea which made him a success even in his early, more illiterate, days when he wrote "Dorando" (about the famous Marathon runner), "Yiddle on the Fiddle," "Sadie Salome Go Home," and "My Wife's Gone to the Country."

After he had been fired from Nigger Mike's on a spurious charge, he moved up to Jimmy Kelly's and tried his work out on an audience. He learned about audiences and is completely pragmatic in all his efforts. That is, the audience to him is a part of the show, and it doesn't do to have a good cast and good copy if the audience is going to be a flop.

Born in Temen, Russia, he came here at the age of four. He went to public school for two years and

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then either played continuous hookey or got his working papers. He had a love for songs, a remembering ear, and he had rhythm. His voice never was good, but it served. Song-writers who can coordinate their larynx and their mind often sing more entertainingly than highly trained baritones. This is because they have an acute sense of the meaning of their words and can put a tear into the exact note. George Gershwin was a gravel-throated delight. He, too, was a song-plugger and an East-side boy. From their parents they acquired a Wailing Wall strain which is touching and important to the impact of the type of tune we now call torch.

That is why Berlin was attractive to listen to, either in his apron or when singing from the balcony as a stooge in Buster Keaton's vaudeville act, or later when he appeared on the stage in his Music Box Revue. He knew his small range, and the selection of material suitable to his feeble voice was always intelligent.

ALTHOUGH Jerome Kern is recently dead, his melodies linger on as the only real rival to the widespread circulation of Irving Berlin's compositions. The volume of their output is almost equal. But Kern was strictly a writer of musical comedies and occasional movies. Berlin is a triple threat. In addition to his screen work and his shows, he has written several hundred songs which became popular without any springboard to launch them. In the popular field his only competitor was the late Walter Donaldson, who in one year was the composer of four million of the five million copies of sheet music sold by the firm of Leo Feist. Few production composers are capable of, or interested in writing the so-called pop tune. It is difficult to recall any that were written by the talented Richard Rodgers, Vincent Youmans, Cole Porter, and Arthur Schwartz, the outstanding show composers, although doubtless there have been a few.

Like all experienced song-writers, Berlin knows that his work does not end when he has written the lyrics to a tune picked out on the only piano

Recommended "Easter Parade" Discs

"Better Luck Next Time"—Perry Como—RCA Victor 20-2888.
"Fella with an Umbrella"—Frank Sinatra—Columbia 38192.
"Stepping Out with My Baby"—Dinah Shore—Columbia 38191.
"It Only Happens When I Dance with You"—Guy Lombardo—Decca 24434.

he can play, a trick arrangement wherein the key is changed with a lever. The composer has to be a showman. If it is a pop number he has to find out what goes, which singer or band will be best to introduce the number, also what occasion would be ideal for the inauguration of a new song. He did not issue "White Christmas" in the summer, although "Easter Parade," the finale of that excellent revue "As Thousands Cheer," was first sung in October. "God Bless America" was originally written for "Yip Yip Yaphank," but he sensed in it an excess of chauvinism and saved it up. Some years later the time for it became ripe, when democracy needed reaffirmation and when the nation was crying for this touch of assertive adrenalin.

And in the theatre he is most particular about the plot of his musical comedy. Unlike Cole Porter, but like Jerome Kern and Richard Rodgers, he follows through on every detail of the show, virtually constituting himself a co-producer. He is mindful of the cast and pays particular attention to the orchestrations which are always written by a more scholarly musician. As he once said, "I like to hear the tune"—meaning that he is an enemy to those flowery filigrees that creep in when a too-creative orchestrator chooses to "fancy it up."

In his motion-picture work he gets fabulous sums for a score. His prices are almost legendary in sound, but they are actual. He knows the gross income of a picture and he evaluates his share. But he does more than write a score. He delivers what might be called a package, consisting of an idea, a suggestion for the treatment, as well as the songs. He follows through the preparation of the screen play, and even when the film is finally previewed he does not relinquish his activity. In the case of his current "Easter Parade," he has been on the radio at least twenty-one times for national and local broadcasts, and he has taken trips to Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and even San Francisco in order to help in the promotion. He likes to travel. He likes the cities of America best.

His effort is rewarding to those who invest in him. His percentage chance of success is greater than those who deliver a score of equal brilliance, for few can approach work, away from the piano, with the same enthusiasm. And of few composers can it be said that they would be a success in almost any other business enterprise. Berlin is a natural, the perfect combination of talent and business. They are wedded in him, like his words and music.

When one considers this finished writer of simple horizontal melodies, whose words are now adept and even clever, one marvels at the metamorphosis since his early buskering days. And it is rather fun of an evening to recite early Berlin, "The Grizzly Bear" or "The Devil's Ball" or "The Society Bear," wherein "Hetty Green and Rockefeller throw their shoulders in the air" while they "cuddle up to a Vanderbilt" with "Mister Schwab on the job in a high-toned manner playing the piano." What comes through is a tawdriness and a hero-worshipping point of view which "came naturally" to a Bowery boy in the beginning of the American century. Yet oddly enough, most aspiring song-writers start with an unnecessarily cheap approach. Even excursionary poets underrate the essential quality of a song and most of them, however skilful, are inept in the taxing glare of the exact statement required by the bareness of a maudlin tune.

Today Irving Berlin stands without a rival as the most popular song-writer of his time. Many of his songs will linger through the ages. He has even taken a purchase on posterity by using up all the holidays for special numbers. Those in the profession try to classify the exact genius of Berlin. Some say he over-simplifies. Others that he does not represent a school of music at all. His stuff, they say, is not what the bands like to play in the after-hours. But true or false, Berlin goes on, perhaps with even greater persistence than Tennyson's brook, vital and successful, and at the worst pretty darn good.

Howard Dietz, co-author with Arthur Schwartz of the current "Inside USA," has collaborated as lyrist on some of the best songs of our times. "Dancing in the Dark" was one of the first, "Haunted Heart" one of the most recent.

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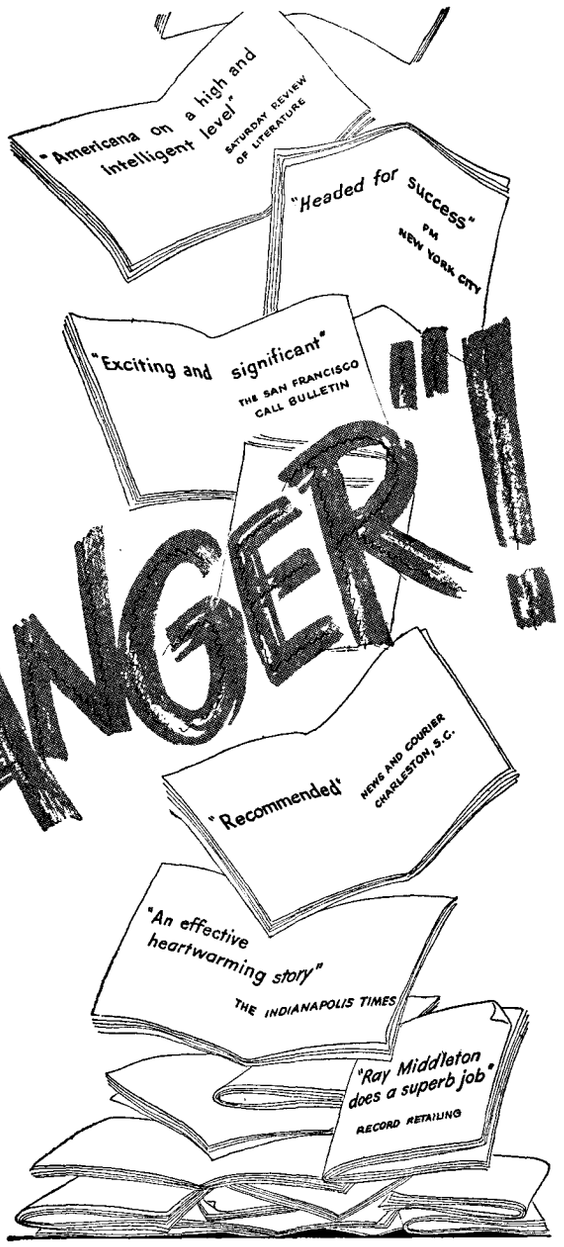
PRAISE IS PILING UP FOR "JOHNNY STRANGER"!



narrated and sung by
RAY MIDDLETON

played by RUSS CASE
and his orchestra

Critics, educators and parents are hailing this new album as an outstanding job . . . a "must" for every American. Of universal appeal—"Johnny Stranger" is winning a welcome wherever he goes.

All the romance of the American scene is woven into this charming story about a little immigrant boy and his journey through the United States in search of "Uncle Sam." The timely patriotic theme and colorful descriptions of life in America make "Johnny Stranger" a thrilling adventure-in-listening both for children and adults.

Superbly narrated and sung by Ray Middleton, star of the Broadway production "Annie Get Your Gun." With **Russ Case** and his Orchestra. Music by George Kleinsinger. Story by Paul Tripp. Make a place in your home for "Johnny Stranger!"

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Price includes Federal excise tax and is subject to change without notice.

THE STARS WHO MAKE THE HITS ARE ON

RCA VICTOR RECORDS

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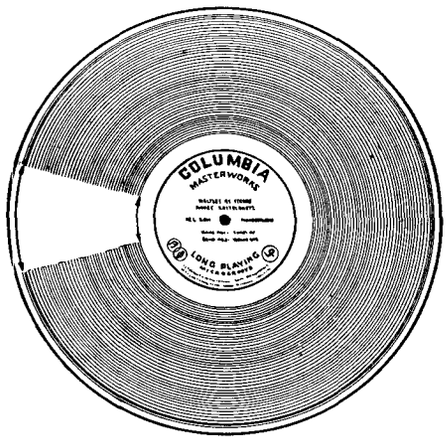
A 33-1/3 Revolution in Recording

GODDARD LIEBERSON



"Each circle becomes smaller as it approaches the center of the record; . . . arrows indicate the relative distances traveled by the needle" (in same time).

AS IS OFTEN the case with creative engineering, the new Columbia Long Playing Microgroove records are not only the product of technical development, but of a philosophy as well. I first heard that philosophy some nine years ago from Edward Wallerstein, then president of Columbia Records and now chairman of the board. At that time, he explained to me that his basic hope for recorded music was to make available the best possible performances in expert recordings at the lowest possible price. He further explained that the cutting of prices of shellac records was not the ultimate answer (though it was he who led the record industry in cutting the price of records in half, in 1940) and indicated that we must eventually evolve some new technique which would result in the recording of more music in less space.

To this end, Mr. Wallerstein, in the same year (1939), gave orders to record all masters with a high-fidelity technique which had heretofore been restricted to laboratory practice, that would allow these masters to be available, at the appropriate time, for any possible technological development. It was this far-sighted preparation of the nearly complete Columbia catalogue which provided our engineers with a perfect series of masters with which to work toward the ends they wished to achieve.

The first of these engineers was Dr. Peter Goldmark, director of research at the Columbia Broadcasting System, who already had to his credit the development of color television. Luckily, Dr. Goldmark is a devout music lover (and this is no coincidence since he has as granduncles the composers Karl and Rubin Goldmark) and an equally devout record collector. As so many of us have, he began to develop a mild despair when it began to appear that his home in New Canaan would no longer support his large collection of records, and, with this disappearing of storage space, Dr. Goldmark began to think seriously of a slow-playing record which would hold more than the usual four to four-and-a-half minutes on a side.

A record turning at thirty-three and one-third revolutions per minute as against the usual seventy-eight rpm, was by no means a new idea. Slow-playing records are extensively used in broadcasting, and more than fifteen years ago, a thirty-three and one-third rpm commercial record was put on the market. This record was after a short time withdrawn for a very valid reason: cut at the standard-sized groove, it was intended to present fifteen minutes of playing time on a side, but the recording quality was so poor that the amount of playing time was reduced to ten, and finally to eight minutes, so that it no longer had much advantage over the standard record. All of this simply means that Dr. Goldmark, René Snepvangers, and their associates were confronted with more problems than the comparatively simple one of evolving a slow speed record.

He began his experiments in 1944 with a record playing at forty revolutions per minute, which he soon discarded because most of the available existing equipment played at thirty-three and one-third rpm. Working at the latter speed he was able to put high quality recording on one twelve-inch side for the duration of sixteen minutes. This again was not enough to accommodate the majority of symphonic works on two sides of a record, so further laboratory investigation led to the development of an extremely fine groove.

It was this microgroove, as we now call it, that made possible, in a real sense, a long playing record. This aspect of the new record is perhaps the most important reason why they play so well, for so long a period. With this technique the number of grooves per inch has been stepped up per record by a factor of about three, while the speed of rotation has been reduced by a factor of two and one-half which makes possible more than a sixfold time increase per side over the present record. The distance between successive grooves on a record is referred to by engineers as "pitch," and on the standard seventy-eight rpm records, the pitch is from eighty-five to 100 lines per inch. On the new Columbia LP record, the pitch has been increased on the average to 224 lines.

Concurrently with the development of the new record proper, reproducers had to be engineered. This involved new types of pick-ups of extremely light weight, giving high-fidelity reproduction, free from rumble, hum, and distortion.

One of the problems attending the increase of pitch was the maintaining of high quality on the inside of the record. The above drawing will help to explain what happens on the inside of a record: you will see that each circle becomes smaller as it approaches the center of the record; the inside and outside arrows indicate the relative distances traveled by the needle. However, the needle traverses these two quite different distances within the *same* time period since the record is turning at a constant speed. This very easily can result in loss of high frequencies and increase of surface noise. To solve this problem it was necessary to delete the noise without consequential loss of high-frequency response. And, further, it was absolutely necessary to accomplish this if Dr. Goldmark were to develop a really long-playing record. When he had successfully dealt with this problem, Dr. Goldmark was able

Sample Long-Playing Records

Side I —Ravel "La Valse"
Side II—Debussy "Iberia"
(Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony)
Side I —Beethoven "Pastoral" Symphony
(Movements 1 and 2)
Side II—Beethoven "Pastoral" Symphony
(Movements 3, 4 and 5)
(Bruno Walter and the Philadelphia Orchestra)
Side I —Gershwin "Rhapsody in Blue"
(Oscar Levant, piano, and the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Ormandy)
Side II—Gershwin "American in Paris"
Rodzinski and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra)
(Note: works of less than a full side's length are arranged in bands, so that any separate one can be played at will.)

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to produce a twenty-two-minute twelve-inch side which was found not only satisfactory, but in many ways superior to existing recordings.

Once the record was devised, it came under the supervision of William Bachman, Columbia Record's chief engineer, whose job it was to transfer our existing high-quality masters onto the new record, and to put it into actual production. In order to do this it was necessary to proceed through a trial production covering every phase of record making up to the point of manufacturing. This meant, first of all, the transfer of repertoire from a number of four-minute discs to a maximum of forty-five minutes of playing time (both sides of a twelve-inch Long Playing record).

Under Mr. Bachman's careful guidance, each step of the process was refined: better cutting styli were evolved, amplifiers, turntables, and all cutting equipment were redesigned and rebuilt, and it was soon found necessary to revise standards of uniform speed, as any speed variation, even a minute one, shows up much more disastrously on thirty-three and one-third than on seventy-eight rpm. The problem of surface noise on shellac records has been (to curdle a metaphor) a constant thorn in the ears of music lovers and record manufacturers. The new Columbia Long Playing record will be non-breakable and on vinylite; as a result, we were faced with the problem of no surface noise!

It may not be generally known, but surface noise on shellac records covers a multitude of sins. First of all, it obfuscates or obliterates the distortion of high frequencies which is usually found in shellac pressings, and along with that, it covers recording ticks and production blemishes. Vinylite reduces surface noise, but it will not take away all noises. The extra-musical noises were eliminated from our new record through long research in perfecting the shape of the groove and the design of the new pick-up and player already described. This new system, which will be manufactured for us by the Philco Corporation, is especially designed to play Columbia Long Playing records. This brings a long-awaited coordination of all of the elements which go into the proper reproduction of phonograph records, and will cost under thirty dollars.

With Mr. Bachman's work finished, the master record was sent to our factory in Bridgeport, Conn., where James Hunter, vice president in charge of production, established an entirely separate manufacturing division for the processing of the new record. This space is kept dust-proof and meticulously clean; fine specks can contaminate the compounds and make for noisy records. A rigorous testing and inspecting procedure was also established for checking on the new records as they are produced.

In discussion of low-speed records, one invariably hears the mention of tape recording. Well, someone has very cleverly pointed out that a record is exactly the same thing as tape, only conveniently rolled up on a flat disc. On this basis the length of tape line on a Columbia twelve-inch Long Playing record is more than three-quarters of a mile! Furthermore, this same amount of mileage in tape, and of the same high quality, would cost two or three times as much, and is, I believe, two or three times more difficult to handle. There is the further advantage that any part of the music on a record can be played at will without the rewinding that tape necessitates.

The advantages of the new Columbia Long Playing record are manifold and obvious. Perhaps it is enough merely to list the following: uninterupted music, the cutting down of storage space, the prospect of convenient shipping of records, the absence of any direct needle chatter which makes it possible, if you wish, to have the record playing in the open instead of its being boxed in, a wider dynamic range free of surface noise, and the very important aspect of price. The twelve-inch Columbia Long Playing Record will sell for $4.85, the ten-inch for $3.85. For comparison, Tchaikovsky's "Fourth Symphony" by the Philadelphia Orchestra which would sell, on vinylite conventional records in an album, for $11., can be had on one twelve-inch Long Playing record for $4.85,; the Mozart "G Minor Symphony," conducted by Fritz Reiner sells for $7 on vinylite in an album, and for $3.85 on a ten-inch Long Playing record. It would seem to me that we are at the beginning of a new era of music listening on records—uninterupted listening at the lowest cost in the history of the phonograph record.

Goddard Lieberson, vice president in charge of Columbia's Masterwork Division, is also an author, composer, and contributor of articles to this and other musical publications.

Israel—Old and New

"WHAT IS TORAH?" Jewish Reconstructionist Foundation. $4.50.

"A NATION IS BORN." Banner album 102. $3.94.

TWO PHASES of the Palestine problem—the philosophic and the pragmatic—are vividly illuminated in these albums. In the first, a survey of the meanings and emotion exemplified by the Jewish Torah or scroll, one is acquainted with a moving synthesis of Jewish faith and aspiration. There are some inequalities in the recording—an orchestra would have been more desirable than the piano that is used—but Robert Segal is an eloquent soloist for the music of Judith Eisenstein, the choir of Mt. Neboth Temple able enough. Norman Rose and Ruth York are the narrators.

In "A Nation Is Born," a number of famous voices in the struggle for Palestinian independence are heard, among them Chaim Weitzman, Moshe Shertok, and David Ben-Gurion. Produced in documentary style, the album also offers the roll-call of the UN on partition of Palestine, including remarks of Warren Austin and Andre Gromyko. I don't see why the narrative should be in Yiddish, or why Gromyko's remarks should be rendered in that tongue rather than English, but the other values of the records are substantial. I. K.

My Current Reading

Erich Leinsdorf, eminent Austrian-born conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, has led the Cleveland Orchestra and the Metropolitan Opera Company, and has appeared with the leading orchestras of Europe and America.

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, *by Edward Gibbon*

THE NEW YORKER WAR PIECES, *by the editors of* The New Yorker *(Reynal & Hitchcock)*

MUSIC IN THE ROMANTIC ERA, *by Alfred Einstein (Norton)*

THE SAXON CHARM, *by Frederic Wakeman (Rinehart)*

THE SHOESTRING SYMPHONY, *by David Broekman (Simon & Schuster)*

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Reviews of the Month

Two musical works of major value—one old, one new—are phonographic "firsts" this month: the massive "German Requiem" of Brahms is one, Ernest Bloch's fine "Quartet No. 2" is another. There is even a choice of versions of the Brahms, a welcome luxury, if scarcely an economic one for the sponsors. For the rest, there are new versions of Ravel and Grieg concerti, other standards in profusion as well as a first issue by Dennis Matthews.

A Vote for Vienna

BRAHMS: *"Requiem." Herbert von Karajan directing the chorus of the Gesellschaft der Musik Freunde, the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and Elisabeth Schwartzkopf, soprano, and Hans Hotter, baritone.* (Columbia album 775, $15.50.) *Robert Shaw conducting the RCA Victor Chorale and Orchestra, with Eleanor Steber, soprano, and James Pease, baritone.* (RCA Victor album 1238, $12.25.)

Though it was a coincidence that these two pioneering versions of one of the great works of the choral literature were undertaken thousands of miles apart in the same month last year, it is no coincidence that they are offered to the public simultaneously. Without declaring who is competing with whom, it may be recognized that the occurrence is a fortunate thing—there has been no previous complete version of the great "Deutsches Requiem," and the purchaser who makes his choice may be reasonably sure that no new version is likely to appear for a considerable time.

Largely speaking, that choice will not involve quality of recording, for each is substantially successful in that respect. There is a bit of haze in the reproduced sound of the Vienna ensemble to which one is not subjected in the RCA, but there is also a richness and warmth to the voices and instruments led by Karajan which I prefer to the cleaner, dryer sound of Shaw's personnel.

It is, however, to the head of each enterprise that one must look for the distinctive qualities of so large an undertaking as this, and I must vote a clear preference for the older, more mature one of Karajan. Shaw, the man of tomorrow, hasn't the musical culture—perhaps the desired word is merely "experience"—to match what today's Karajan produces in sorrowing compassion, resurgent faith, from this wonderful work of Brahms.

The difference, it may be noted, is visible as well as audible, for the more measured pace preferred by Karajan in the opening and closing sections requires three sides for each, against the two which Shaw finds sufficient. Needless to say, there is not the difference of a whole side in the amount of recording time, for Karajan divides his movements into shorter segments. This makes for one whole record more, and that much more expense, but it is a cheap enough price for the superior subtlety and nuance in the Karajan direction, especially of the orchestra.

With this basic preference established, there is lesser significance in the relative merits of the soloists, but here, too, the superiority is with Karajan. Miss Steber sings her music sympathetically, musically, even fervently; but Miss Schwartzkopf is born for the style, and controls it with Rethberg-like firmness. The youthful voice of Pease is easier to the ear than the somewhat frayed one of Hotter, but the latter makes one conscious of the real emotional reach of the essential Brahms in his intensely human delivery of "Lord, teach me that there must be an end of me."

The sum of all considerations is that Shaw has increased one's esteem for him with this accomplishment, but Karajan has given us the performance of the Brahms "Requiem" for which we have been waiting.

Bloch at his Best

BLOCH: *"Quartet No. 2." The Stuyvesant String Quartet.* (International album 302, $5.25.)

Few contemporary works of any kind—especially of this specialized kind—have had the uniformly warm critical and public response won by this quartet since it was first played in 1945. Not since Bartók has anyone been moved to compare a contemporary's effort with the last quartets of Beethoven—as has been done on both sides of the Atlantic—and the justification seems to me even more pronounced in the present rather than the previous instance.

The impressiveness of Bloch's achievement is that it is founded on no idiosyncrasies of method, form, or expression, but on pure musical impulse, thoughtfully conceived, masterfully expounded. "Contemplative beauty and torrential power" are Ernest Newman's summation of its gamut; but hardly less important is Bloch's sensitivity to the music-making possibilities inherent in four stringed instruments—a sensitivity shared, perhaps, by Schönberg and Bartók, of recent writers, but not so well-controlled by any since Debussy. Those who decry the musical capacity of living composers must acknowledge there was a giant among us when Bloch wrote the last measure of this work in October 1945.

From the Stuyvesant ensemble one hears playing of model enthusiasm and musical justice, a little rougher, to my recollection, than the interpretation by the Griller Quartet, which introduced the work to America. That performance, too, has been put on records—by English Decca—but it is not yet available here. When I say that I doubt its superiority to this full-blown, robust recording, no further words are needed. International's surfaces, however, are much less an approximation of the possible best.

RAVEL: *"Concerto for Piano and Orchestra"* (1932). *Leonard Bernstein, piano soloist, and conductor of the Philharmonia Orchestra.* (RCA Victor 1209, $4.75.)

Accustomed as I am to Bernstein only as a conductor of American orchestras, particularly his own youthful one in New York, it is absorbing to note how much of his own sharp, incisive style he has impressed on this English organization. That, of course, is the mark of his merit as a musician, but it is also related to the character of this work which might be termed, as a counterpart of Gershwin's "American in Paris," "A Frenchman in Manhattan."

As a pianist, Bernstein is both facile and assured, obviously possessed of a flair for his instrument. It is difficult to determine much about his tonal quality, for the recording was made in a rather dull studio, and there is a considerable amount of blurring among solo and orchestral instruments. The top is not distinct at all, the bass thuds more than a little. However, I value the atmosphere and the spirit of the playing—something of an exception in this kind of dual enterprise—sufficiently for these deficiencies not to be disastrous. Certainly the Marguerite Long performance of old didn't have this racy vigor. On the final side Bernstein celebrates, from his "Seven Anniversaries," those dedicated to Paul Bowles and Nathalie Koussevitzky.

IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Art of Darius Milhaud

MILHAUD: *"First Symphony"* and *"In Memoriam"* (Columbia album No. MM 704, $5.85) and *"Protée"—Symphonic Suite No. 2* (RCA Victor album DM 1027, $4.75).

I HAVE often wondered what the "big" public thinks about the music of Darius Milhaud. If they like it, what is it they warm up to, and if they dislike it, what puts them off? In spite of the large quantities of it available on radio and in concert there seems to be a curious lack of vocal enthusiasm in regard to Milhaud's music. More recondite composers like Schoenberg or Bartók have their devoted followers, while Mahler and Sibelius are listened to rapturously by fervent adherents. Milhaud, apparently, is headed for a different fate. He once wrote: "I have no esthetic rules, or philosophy, or theories. I love to write music. I always do it with pleasure, otherwise I just do not write it." You can't hope to arouse a following on the basis of any plain statement like that.

Nevertheless it seems to me fairly obvious that since Ravel's death France has given us no composer more important than Darius Milhaud. Perhaps the prospective album purchaser had better be warned I am a pushover for anything Milhaud signs.

I became a Milhaud fan back in the early Twenties, when the composer was considered the enfant terrible of French music. In those days we were struck by the abundance and many-sidedness of his talent, his forthrightness and fearlessness, his humor, his humanity, the contrasts of tenderness and violence, and his markedly personal style. Most striking of all in an age when the new music was being accused of having no melody was the singing quality of Milhaud's music. After nearly thirty years I continue to marvel at Milhaud's apparently inexhaustible productive capacity, at his stylistic consistency, at the sheer creative strength that the body of his work represents. Those who persist in describing modern music as decadent and desiccated will get little comfort from this man's music.

Milhaud's finest work will probably be found in the operatic field. But it is good to have these two recently recorded examples of his orchestral literature. The "First Symphony" is particularly welcome because it is a comparatively new opus (1939) which has had few hearings. It was composed on commission from the Chicago Symphony as part of the celebration of that orchestra's fiftieth anniversary, and was first heard in Chicago under the composer's baton. In category it belongs with the less accessible of his works. By which I mean you will have to hear this score more than once before you can hope to uncover its own special secret.

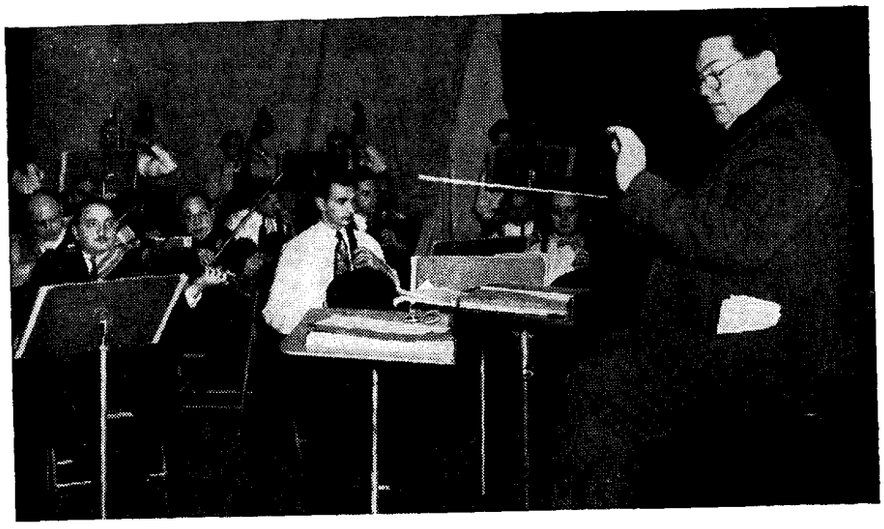
Like Brahms, Milhaud waited until he was in his middle forties before embarking on the writing of a symphony. But that is about the only similarity one will find. In order to properly evaluate this "First Symphony" it will be necessary to have no preconceived notions of what a proper symphony is like. The symphony as a form is confused in our minds with what the nineteenth century thought it ought to be. True, Milhaud's symphony has the usual four movements (of a somewhat briefer than usual duration) but the familiar hortatory manner is lacking. It is a songful symphony, though not cheerfully songful like the "Italian" of Mendelssohn. The first movement, for example, has long-lined melodies, but they are accompanied by darkly-tinted and unhappy-sounding harmonies. Milhaud has a particular aptitude for suggesting the complexities of modern life, even at times embroiling himself in analogous musical complexities. The second movement of this symphony is a case in point. It presents the listener with a changeful panorama and an intricate fabric, a little frightening in its noisiness. It would be easy to lose one's bearings here, but if we listen carefully for the principal melodic strand, it will lead us through the movement like a thread through a labyrinth.

Perhaps the most impressive movement of the entire symphony is the third—the slow movement. The opening chords in quiet brass are steeped in Milhaud's personal idiom—producing a dragged and nostalgic effect. Seriousness of tone and warmth of expression are the keynote. A curious mixture of Gallic exoticisms and "blues" atmosphere combine to create the typical Milhaud ambiance. He snaps us out of it, so to speak, in a finale which is scherzo-like by nature, with square-cut themes in 6/8 rhythm. There is a surprisingly close affinity with Scotch folk melody and nasal bagpipe sonorities. As in the second movement there are strong contrasts of light and shade, raucous brass, and a rather complicated structural frame. Considered as a whole, this is not an easy work to assimilate. But I strongly suspect that it will repay repeated hearings. The performance by the Columbia Symphony Orchestra under the composer's direction appears to be well balanced, and is certainly authoritative.

On the final side of the fourth record is the recording of a short orchestral elegy entitled "In Memoriam," representative of the composer's most sober style.

For those who may have missed it when it was released some months ago, there is an excellent account of a "Symphonic Suite"—vintage of 1919—culled from the music Milhaud composed for Paul Claudel's satirical drama "Protée." The first performance of the suite in Paris in 1920 resulted in a near-riot. The public was quite convinced that the composer was mad. It's amusing to listen to this same music in 1948, played by Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony. Obviously, it is the music of a brash young man, not at all perturbed at the idea of shocking his audience. My guess would be that it was the clashing polytonal harmonies that were largely responsible for the upsetting effect the music had on its first listeners. The newness of effect has worn off, but not the essential freshness of the music. My favorite among the five movements is the "Nocturne," a poetic fancy that never fails to move me. Delightful is the word for Proteus.

AARON COPLAND.



Darius Milhaud: "I have no esthetic rules or philosophy or theories."

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 53 for Pop Releases

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Dvorak: "Slavonic Fantasy," Mischa Elman violin, with Wolfgang Rose, piano. RCA Victor 12-241, $1.25.	If the Elman tone singing "Songs My Mother Taught Me" is an appealing prospect, this Kreisler arrangement could hardly be heard in a better performance. With it is "Aus der Heimat," one of the few pieces of Smetana which I don't admire. The recording is good.
Field: "Nocturne in E minor." Dennis Matthews, piano. Columbia 72525, $1.25.	This disc multiplies the domestic literature of John Field, creator of the nocturne, by two hundred per cent, for there had previously been only a single side buried in Columbia's History of Music. The Chopinesque E minor is paired with a charmingly Schubertian rondo, both played with bright tone and complete facility by the very promising Matthews of England. Fine piano reproduction.
Grieg: "Piano Concerto in A minor." Oscar Levant, piano, with the Philharmonic-Symphony conducted by Efrem Kurtz. Columbia album 741, $4.75.	An uneven exhibition by Levant, varying from flavorful energy in the finale to angular, unsteady phrasing in the first movement, rather too deliberate pace in the second. Levant's pianistic equipment is more brilliant than previously, but articulation is not of the Rubinstein-Gieseking standard. In addition, Kurtz too often drags his tempi, and the orchestral reproduction is dull, without the open free resonance one would like to hear in this score. The odd side Rachmaninoff prelude (E flat) is expertly done, with a fine feeling for its winding line.
Handel: "Water Music," "Concerto Grosso," (D minor, opus 6, No. 10). Desire Defauw conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1208, $6.	The second version of this grand "Water Music" to appear in a year, it is substantially the same as the Harty version of the Thirties. However, it does not compare with that venture in style, and is inferior as recording to the Ormandy-Philadelphia suite, which is its contemporary parallel. In fact, there are several points in which it is afflicted with wavering pitch and inconstant dynamic level. The "Concerto Grosso" is free of these blemishes, and substantially well played. However, I do not like the thin glassy tone of the strings favored by Defauw. On the final side is still another version of the "Largo," this time with a solo violin. A must, for the mortuary parlors.
Offenbach: "Orphée aux Enfers" overture. Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor 12-0240, $1.25.	A welcome successor to Fiedler's fine job with Offenbach's "La Belle Helene." The brilliant orchestra booms a bit, but it is a performance of vitality and almost laughable virtuosity. The unnamed concertmaster deserves a line for his solo effort.
Poulenc: "Petites Voix." Robert Shaw conducting the RCA Victor Chorale. RCA Victor 10-1409, $1.	Fanciful, delicate settings by Poulenc, finely sung by the Shaw group. An admirable solace for ears battered by the generality of contemporary works. Clean recording.
Ravel: "Rapsodie Espagnole." Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1200, $3.50.	To this taste, this is one of the more obviously contrived of Ravel's extended works, a colorful and derivative—Debussy and Stravinsky, mostly—arrangement of Spanish cliches. The recording is the most brilliant the work has yet had, sounding, at best, like a blend of "Iberia" and "La Mer," but it does not have the flexibility of the older Rodzinski. Nevertheless, I would prefer it for the superb tonal range and the magnificent playing of the orchestra.
Respighi: "Feste Romane." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia album 707, $4.75.	Spectacular employment for Ormandy and his men, if no remarkable musical experience. Loud and soft, glittery and hazy effects succeed each other in measured proportion; and the recording is kind to all of them.
Rossini: "William Tell" overture. Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra. Columbia album MX-293, $3.	If this is notable Kostelanetz it is only super-Skouras Rossini, without the musical finesse to compete with the alerted versions of Beecham or Toscanini, or the vividly virtuoso one of Fiedler-Boston "Pops." It is well, but not remarkably recorded. For one thing, the orchestra is not as large as it might be; for another, its quality of sound is something less than splendid.
Strauss: "Der Rosenkavalier" suite. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia album 742, $4.75.	Though the notation accompanying this album is not clear, indications are that this is the suite recently (no more than two years ago) put together by the composer, rather than the isolated fragments utilized by Goossens in Victor album 997. Some instrumental retouching is evident, also, and the flow of the material, under the helpful direction of Ormandy is thus enhanced. I have heard other conductors with a superior feeling for the style—Szell, Reiner, Busch, Clemens Krauss, are a few who come to mind—but, in respect to orchestral tone and reproduction, it is excellent.
Strauss: "Ein Heldenleben." Fritz Reiner conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Columbia album 748, $7.25.	Reiner's career as a conductor of records has nothing finer to show than this incisive, superbly controlled, and always knowing performance. His Pittsburgh ensemble does not have the richness of tone heard from Beecham's Royal Philharmonic in a recent importation (HMV) and the reproduced sound is distinctly thinner, but the amount of Strauss's score he delivers is something remarkable.
Verdi: "Condotta ell 'Erra" ("Trovatore") and other operatic excerpts. Cloe Elmo, alto, with orchestra conducted by La Rosa Parodi. Cetra album 10, $8.86.	The magnificent Azucena of Elmo was a memorable experience of the last Metropolitan season, and the blazing performance of this excerpt is ample indication why. It is much the most impressive of the six offered in this album, though she also sings with superb vocal power in "O Grand Vocchi Luccenti" from "Fedora." For that matter her portion of the second act music from "Aida," with Gina Cigna, is well-accomplished, though her partner's quaver is a trial. Brangaene's "Watch," in odd-sounding Italian, and an excerpt from "Adriana Lecouvreur" are included. Ugo Tansini conducts the "Aida" disc. The recording is variable, but generally acceptable. IRVING KOLODIN

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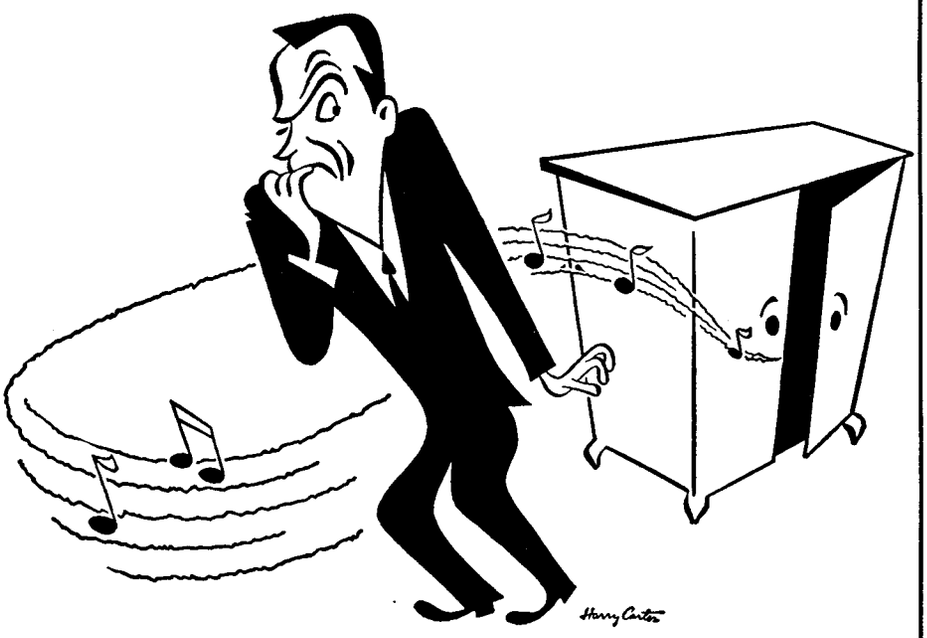

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Bach: Sonata No. 3 in A Minor for unaccompanied violin. Ruggiero Ricci, violinist. *Vox album 187.*

Grieg: Concerto in A Minor for piano and orchestra, Op. 16. Oscar Levant with Efrem Kurtz conducting Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York. *Columbia album MMV-741.*

Grieg: "Morning Mood," "Anitra's Dance," "In the Hall of the Mountain King," Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra directed by Henry Weber. *Silvertone record No. 55.*

Mozart: Symphony No. 40 in G Minor, (K550). Fritz Reiner conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. *Columbia Album MMV-727.*

Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2 in C Minor, Op. 18. Artur Rubinstein, pianist. NBC Symphony Orchestra, Vladimir Golschmann, Conductor. *Victor album, DV-6.*

Schumann: Concerto in A Minor for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 54. Rudolf Serkin at the piano with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. *Columbia album MMV-734.*

Tchaikovsky: "Music From the Ballet, The Sleeping Beauty" in performance by Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra. *Victor album DV-16.*

Deep River Boys, "Spirituals and Jubilees," *Pilot album No. 118.*

MacMorgan, baritone, "Sylvia" and "The Desert Song," Ernie Fiorita, orchestra, *Silvertone record No. 207.*

Robert Marshall, Elaine Malbin, John Baker, Harriet O'Rouke, "Selections from Victor Herbert," *Pilot album No. 202.*

Vic Damone, "When Day Is Done," and "Among My Souvenirs," Tutti Camaratta orchestra. *Silvertone record No. 52.*

Gypsy Songs, Shandor's violin and his gypsy orchestra. *Pilot album 123.*

"Living History of Jazz," Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Martin at the Piano. Musical and talking biography in twelve albums, four solo albums and eight with narration, playing and singing. *Circle Records.*

"Adventures of Buzzy Bear & Peggy Penguin," narrated by Glenda Farrell. *Willida album WR-1.*

"Gingerbread Boy," narrated by Milton Cross and supporting cast. *Caravan Record C-5.*

Missionary Adventures, two stories per album including David Livingstone and the Lion, John Paton and the Cannibals, The Brave Princess and the Fire-Goddess, and Missionary Adventures in Burma. Narrated by Wendell P. Loveless, *Singspiration Album.*

"Old MacDonald Had A Farm," directed by Ted Cott, featuring Paul Conrad as Old MacDonald. *Caravan Record C-4.*

"The Pied Piper of Hamelin," music by Alec Templeton, Russ Case Orchestra. *Victor album Y-360.*

Songs of Safety composed by Irving Caesar and Gerald Marks. Vocals by Dick Gilbert and the Bluebirds with Ray Carter's Orchestra. *Caravan Record C-6.*

"Victory of the Vegetables," singing narration by Bruce Norman. *Willida Record C-5.*

"Why the Chimes Rang," narrator, Ted Malone with Dick Leibert at the organ. *Victor album Y-357.*

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A Letter from Italy

ROME.

IT IS pleasant to report that the seven lean and ill-favored years of Italian recording seem to be about over, and fat ones are just around the corner.

War and postwar shortages have been supplied; new equipment (most of it English, some of it full-frequency) is at hand, or due soon; with real wages approaching prewar levels, the domestic market is clamant, while overseas there is—in the words of one company—"some anxiety for Italian recordings." Sole problem, in fact, is that one or two companies profess to lack money for needed expansion.

During the war, the Italian industry kept up its chin, if not its quality. One opera was actually waxed in Rome while bombs were falling in the suburbs. After Mussolini banned the music and the musicians of the "decadent democracies," local houses fell back on the flood of masters surging down from Naziland. (Some of Italy's finest artists "collaborated" musically, but few have suffered thereby: unlike France, Italy sees no reason why artists need swim against political tides.) In time, however, shellac ran short, and domestic synthetics provided poor surfaces, and plants were diverted to war uses; and so some houses gave up for the duration.

* * *

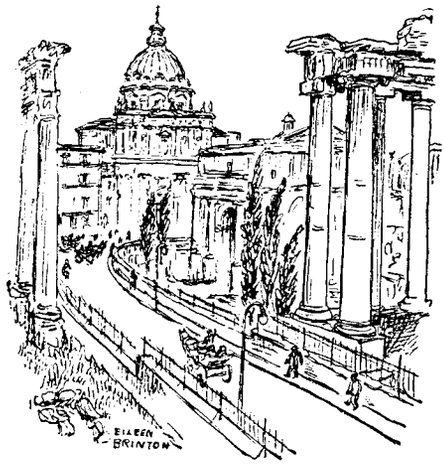
I do not have space to deal with Italy's recording since the war, much less the wartime output. In any event, much of it is already being purveyed to the American *aficionado;* and more will be, I assume, as ERP greases trade channels. Moreover, I shall pass over past and current issues from wartime German masters, although there is much here worth the collector's, and some the connoisseur's, attention. And I shall exclude postwar recordings made in other European countries now being marketed in Italy, on the theory that *SRL* has heard or will hear of them from other correspondents. I shall, then, limit myself to releases of the first five months of 1948, and thereafter look briefly into the future.

In the field of orchestral music, the old-timers are still in high favor. An official of Voce del Padrone (Victor, allied here as elsewhere in Europe with Columbia) told me: "You can sell them Respighi. Nothing after that. And not all of Respighi." This sales-motivated emphasis upon the classics is praiseworthy, in that it makes available the lesser-known works of Vivaldi and Pergolesi and Scarlatti and Corelli; but I—and many another—resent the lack of discs of moderns like Casella and Pizzetti and Ghedini and Malipiero, whose concert performances are all too rare as well. Cetra (independent, but closely associated with RAI, the state radio network) is tenderest toward present-day composers, as RAI's fine Turin and Rome orchestras are likeliest to give them public hearing; but even Cetra's catalogue falls far short of representing adequately twentieth-century Italy's musical output.

For Voce del Padrone, Adriano Lualdi and the chamber orchestra of the Conservatory of San Pietro a Majella at Naples (which he directed until the Allies tossed him out for Fascism) have recorded a Paisiello concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, with Riccardo Castagnone as soloist (DB 11312/13). Lualdi's transcription is faithful to the spirit of the original—so much so that an ear used to the crash of the big orchestras may puzzle over the consistently low volume of the record. But I think it falls short of the earlier Lualdi waxing of a Pergolesi concerto in B Flat major (DB 0530/31).

Aside from von Karajan's Schubert C Major, a splendid thing, Columbia has released Grumiaux's version of the Mendelssohn violin concerto, with A. Galliera conducting (GQX 11126/9), the Chopin B Minor Sonata in the interpretation of the young Rumanian pianist Dinu Lipatti (GQX 11123/5), and, as its sole Italian recording, music from Rossini's first opera, the one-act "Matrimonial Market," pleasantly served up by Maestro Vincenzo Bellezza and Rome's St. Cecilia Orchestra (GQX 11138).

Of Cetra's current orchestral offerings, the most interesting are perhaps two pieces from Cesar Franck. One is the "Prelude, Aria and Finale," transcribed for orchestra by Vittorio Gui and recorded by the Florence "Maggio Musicale" orchestra with Gui conducting (BB 25177/9). It is good, sound Franck, but I cannot escape the feeling that this fine music is better left to the piano. On the other hand, Gui and the Florence orchestra fare very well with the "Sleep of Psyche," from the suite of tone-pictures (BB 25175). I have heard no other recordings of this work, so I cannot make comparisons; but I treasure my copy.



Now for the look into the future.

* * *

Voce del Padrone is proud of having wangled Toscanini's consent to post-performance recording of his concert at Milan's La Scala June 10 commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of the death of Composer Arrigo Boito (better known to non-Italian opera-goers, perhaps, as the librettist of Verdi's last and greatest works). A Toscanini "discovery," baritone Frank Guarera, of Philadelphia, has been imported to sing in the third act of Boito's "Nerone"; he will be the first native-born American to tread La Scala's boards since the war.

Also for early release are several standards Victor de Sabata—whom many Italians rate Toscanini's equal—recorded with the St. Cecilia before he left Rome in April for La Scala. These include Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," Debussy's "Nuages," "Fêtes," and "La Mer," and orchestral passages from "Traviata," "William Tell," "I Quattro Rusteghi," and "The Secret of Susanna," the last two works from the pen of the German-Italian composer Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari. De Sabata was supposed also to record the Franck symphony, but could not get it into shape before he had to leave.

For Voce del Padrone, moreover, Tullio Serafin, of Met fame, has recorded with the St. Cecilia "La Boutique Fantastique," Respighi's arrangement of Rossini's music for the Russian ballet.

For Cetra, the twenty-two-year-old San Francisco pianist Vera Franceschi (onetime child prodigy, protegé of Pierre Monteux) has made four sides of Cimarosa, Scarlatti, and Galuppi, which will be released if the American union approves her recording for the Italian market. Projected for her, also, is a Vivaldi concerto, under the baton of famed Bernardino Molinari, whose Cetra recording of Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" with the Rome St. Cecilia orchestra (BB 25067/72) is one of the fine things in its catalogue. A new Cetra series of Vivaldi "Concerti Grossi" is reputedly also in the offing.

Otherwise, Cetra's plans are vague. It is one of the companies which complain of lack of *soldi.* But it is confidently expected its liaison with RAI will produce some discs by Mario

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Rossi's Turin radio orchestra, rated by most Italy's finest.

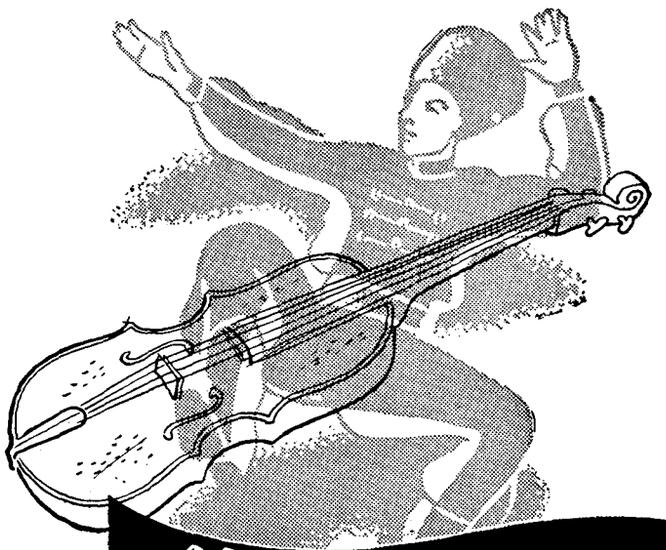
* * *

Which brings me to opera. Indeed, one would think a piece about Italian recording ought to open with opera. Sadly enough, that is not true today. Operatic singers continue to be a big item of Italian export; and, with the crop of rising stars curtailed by the shuttering of most provincial houses, there is just not enough talent around to warrant a major recording effort. (To that, I think, Rome's and Milan's 1947-48 operatic faithful will bear witness.) No company, so far as I know, now projects recording of a full opera, though there is talk that Franco Casavola's tuneful "Salambo," premiered in Rome in April, ought to be recorded, if only to comfort premature mourners over opera's grave.

Of operatic selections recorded the last few months, most interest attaches to the initial effort of Giacinto Prandelli, the Faust of Lilly Windsor's Rome debut and the best tenor Rome has heard in some time. With baritone Antenore Reali, he sings for Cetra two duets from Ponchielli's "Gioconda," "Enzo Grimaldi, principe di S. Fior," and "O Grido di quest'-anima" (BB 25218), which adequately display his warm, musicianly voice and fine diction. Cetra has also produced a new bass, Cesare Siepi, who shows a flexible voice pleasantly free from mannerisms in arias from Verdi's "Don Carlo" and "Vespri Siciliani" and Boito's "Mefistofele" (BB 25214 and BB 25216). Onelia Fineschi, a soprano long overdue in the States, teams with tenor Francesco Albanese in two "Bohême" duets (BB 25210), while fans in South America, where he is a big name, will be interested in tenor Galliano Masini's recordings of three selections from Giordano's "Fedora" and one from "Tosca" (BB 25220 and BB 25223). (March-April lists promised la Fineschi in arias from Catalani, Puccini, and Weber, and Masini in duets with his son Sergio; but these records have not yet reached Rome, and I shall have to leave them for later mention.) Voce del Padrone's operatic list since the first of the year is chiefly notable for London recordings by Beniamino Gigli and his daughter Rina, baritone Carlo Tagliabue, tenor Mario Binci (just off for the United States), and soprano Margherita Carosio, with the Covent Garden Orchestra under Franco Patané and Rainaldo Zamboni.

JOHN P. MCKNIGHT.

John McKnight, Associated Press correspondent in Rome, is a musical enthusiast who, with an occasional letter, will keep us informed of recording developments in Italy.



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Some Highs and Lows

NEEDLES—REMOVABLE TYPE

IF THE present trend continues towards a "playing tip" that is no more than the point of a needle, the very word "needle" may disappear from the phonograph vocabulary. We are in a rapid transition stage now, and where fifteen years back there was only one universal type of needle, with a few minor variants, now we have not only many types of material—cactus, steel, hard steel, precious metal, sapphire, ruby, even diamond—but there are three categories of needle attachment. They are, in order, the old-style removable needle with setscrew; the semi-permanent built-in needle, with guard; and the integral point, where the whole cartridge is thrown out with the needle, or (in some cases) returned to the factory for replacement. Except in the first of these categories, the choice of point is becoming inseparable from the choice of the cartridge and pickup itself. Let me sum up some pointers for the still large number of users of the old-style removable-at-will needle, where there is a very wide choice for experiment.

Because friction and permanence of shape count most in record wear, cactus or wooden needles are not good investments except, perhaps, for very old machines with heavy pickups, or with records that have long been played with such needles. Hiss is reduced because the needle does not pass the higher frequencies; it simply acts as a common tone control.

The question of a "permanent" point insertable needle vs. the steel needle is largely a matter of the treatment your machine gets. Ideally, the jewel point is best (except for very heavy pickups), because it produces least friction and keeps its shape longest. If your phonograph gets ultra-considerate treatment with little likelihood of jabbing and dropping on the record, the sapphire point is well worth your while and a great convenience. But with rough treatment a jewel point may come loose or chip—and the remaining jagged edges can ruin any record before you discover the trouble. The precious metal tip gives similar service, for less time at a lower price. Though it can produce nasty gouges and scratches, given the chance, it is less likely to break or to chip. It may be useful when there is some possibility of rough treatment, either mechanically as in an unruly changer, or by the human touch.

But if your good records are to be played by the kind of person who drops glasses and breaks dishes—or above all, if children are about—then (if you have the removable-needle kind of pickup) the permanent needle is out. By far your best bet, for quality plus safety, is the high-quality hardened steel needle, the type with the thick shank, stepping down to a thin point. The value of this needle (not always mentioned by the makers!) is that under violent stress the point snaps off cleanly, leaving at worst a slight nick in the record; moreover, the broad stump that is left behind will not produce a sound, and so you run no risk of unwittingly using a dangerously broken point. These needles will do a splendid job, with one inevitable condition; they must be changed *frequently*—long before the phonograph gives agonized cries for help. Be sure to keep the sheep from the goats, and if they are hopelessly mixed, try a trick I've recommended before. Hold the needle point up to a strong light and turn slowly. The twin worn faces on used needles will wink on and off at you as the light is reflected from them.

Regarding the much advertised "ratings" of so many thousand plays, you may easily guess that they are problematical. Given a light pickup, the biggest factor, strangely enough, seems to be the state of newness of your records. Contrary to what you might casually expect, brand new records apparently wear a needle very much faster than well worn, but carefully treated records. Yet I also have in mind a sapphire point (with guard) that has been used seven or eight hours a day for a number of months in a public library record collection and is still, to my morbidly sensitive ear, perfectly good. The answer seems to be that the records there are well worn and, thanks to strict control, well cared for.

But don't overlook the biggest factor of all affecting needle life—the tolerance of your own ear! Some people (myself included) are so allergic to the bad needle that they lie in wait mentally, with horrid apprehension, for those first faint signs of wear that sho wup usually towards the end of a loud record. In such cases of mental abnormality the cure may be drastic: the diamond point (which "never" wears out) is the last, if the most recklessly expensive, resort. I have two.* EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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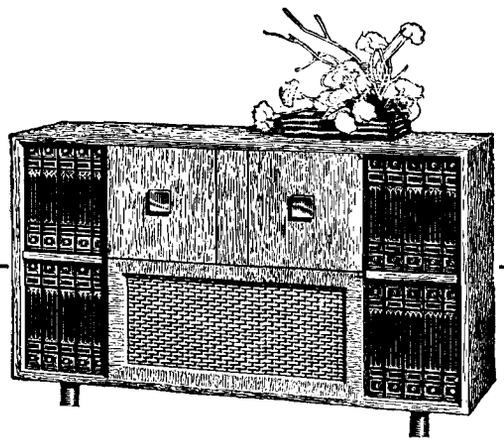
THE OTHER SIDE

THAT most controversial of conductors, Wilhelm Furtwängler, makes his postwar record return in the Beethoven Violin Concerto, a recent HMV release now available in this country (DB 6574/9). Furtwängler's several political imbroglios, first with the Nazis and later with occupation authorities, are much too complicated for ready resume. Suffice it to say that though much maligned he has also been much defended. In the present recording, Furtwängler leads the Lucerne Festival Orchestra, Yehudi Menuhin being the soloist.

As usual with this conductor, the orchestra is handled with meticulous finesse. Furtwängler's approach to Beethoven is solid, rock-ribbed, eminently Teutonic. Whether the interpretation will please must remain a matter of individual taste, but there is no disputing Furtwängler's ability to make an orchestra "sound." The recording, made in the empty Lucerne Kunsthalle, has a wonderful "live" quality, the very antithesis of a studio waxing, though perhaps even a shade *too* resonant.

And now, what of the soloist? He has been ignored so far for the reason that Mr. Menuhin's performance is neither fish nor fowl. Note-perfect it is, free from any jarring lapses in taste, exhibiting a beauty of tone far from routine. Yet Menuhin somehow misses the point of it all; in a score of instances Beethoven's deeper meaning just eludes him. All told, this is an interpretation more to be admired than loved.

Ginette Neveu's first full-scale appearance on discs is in the Brahms "Violin Concerto" with the Philharmonic Orchestra under Issay Dobrowen (HMV DB 6415/9). This young artist, it will be remembered, received a salvo of critical huzzas on the occasion of her New York debut last winter, and she is soon due for a return visit. Perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of Miss Neveu is her violin tone—dry, a bit thin, of unblemished purity, yet pregnant with glowing intensity. If Neveu's playing merits the adjective "fiery," be it understood that the flame is the brilliant blue-white jet of an acetylene torch and not the friendly flickers of a dying campfire. It follows, then, that her Brahms is *raffiné* rather than *gemütlich*. Miss Neveu consistently underplays this overladen music. Yet her reading is always delicately nuanced—a joy to hear. Would that the accompaniment were as distinguished. Dobrowen approaches this score in a distressingly straightforward manner. ROLAND GELATT.



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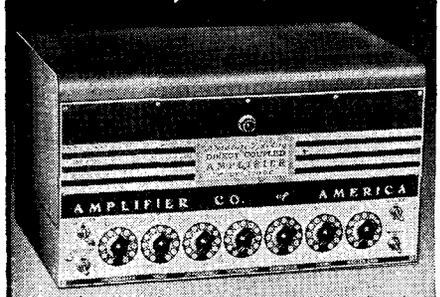

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"Vive La Nouvelle Orléans"

HUGUES PANASSIÉ

LAST February, France had the visit of Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, Mezz Mezzrow, Rex Stewart, and other jazz stars at the International Jazz Festival in Nice. In May, another group of famous American musicians came to play for the French enthusiasts: Coleman Hawkins, the Slam Stewart Trio with Erroll Garner at the piano, the Howard McGhee Sextet, and Bertha "Chippie" Hill, a blues singer. These artists were featured during "La Semaine du Jazz" which took place at the Marigny Theatre in Paris, in mid-May. They were all very good, except "Chippie" Hill, who is not in a class with the best blues singers. Together with the American jazzmen, the "Semaine du Jazz" presented various French musicians, notably Aimé Barelli's orchestra although it is strictly commercial. As "main representative" of French jazz Barelli played in five concerts out of seven to the great disappointment of the jazz fans, most of whom had made a long trip to hear Hawkins, Slam, Garner.

On the opening night Barelli acted as master of ceremonies, introducing each of the American musicians to the French public. He was booed by at least half of the audience at each of his appearances. His idea was to "prepare us" for the American musicians by performing a piece in their respective styles. Thus, he played a bebop number to introduce the McGhee Sextet, and a Dixieland tune before the entrance of "Chippie" Hill. In each case, his offer was so dull that the audience laughed at him and you could hear people yell, "Take him home," "Go to bed," etc. . . .

The climax of the week was a concert billed as "New Orleans against Bebop." Instead of one thousand people, which is about all there is room for at the Marigny, there were almost two thousand present, squeezed into every available corner. New Orleans music was represented by two French bands of youngsters: Claude Luter's group, which had been a great success at the Nice Festival, and Claude Bolling, who is still on the amateurish side, although by no means bad. Bebop was played by Howard McGhee's band and by a "pick-up" band of French musicians under the direction of the colored drummer Kenny Clark, who came to France with Dizzie Gillespie and stayed on.

As the curtain went up on Bolling and Clark, the audience started to shout "Vive la Nouvelle Orléans" and Bolling got a heavy applause. It was obvious that most of the audience was pro-New Orleans. And that silly battle of music started and lasted for one hour, each band playing a number after the other. New Orleans fanatics soon got tired of bebop music and strongly booed the bebop band during its performance. An immediate reaction came from the bebop minority who, in turn, booed the Claude Bolling musicians, which led the New Orleans fans to react by clapping hands frenetically. The obvious result was that soon no music at all could be heard. We were seeing the musicians blowing madly but we heard hardly a note. Some people from the high balconies started throwing francs on the stage, and one stage-hand picked up no less than fifty-four francs when the "battle" was over.

I must say that the Latin Quarter students acted fairer than I had expected. They realized that Howard McGhee and his men were good musicians and applauded after most performances by this band. So, the concert finished better than it had started. But when it was over, many expressed their disgust and agreed that the idea of this concert had been in very bad taste. In addition, everybody was bored to death by some endless, formless "jam sessions."

For all these reasons, the "Semaine du Jazz" has been rather unfortunate for the good renown of French jazz. It also created a wrong impression about French jazz musicians. Numerous people thought that Barelli and some French jam sessions were booed because French jazz was bad—while the protest was actually against mediocre, insincere musicians who were harming the improvisations of the American soloists with whom they were playing.

On the last night, Charles Delaunay (of the Hot Club of Paris) came on stage to present the awards to the winners of his poll on the best French jazz musicians. The awards were little statuettes called "Dinahs." When Delaunay announced Aimé Barelli as the winner in the trumpet group, the disapproving noise from the audience became so loud that one feared that the walls were going to tumble down. For a whole minute, Barelli did not appear on the stage. When he finally made his entrance, the noise became even louder yet so that he ran away immediately, only taking time to grab his "Dinah." . . .

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THE YOUNGER SET

WITH or without intent, the record companies, among them, have managed to provide considerable material of late which should accord with the young listener's vacation mood. If he's inclined to think of summer in terms of a nautical expedition, there are some fine sea chanties from Victor (RCA Victor album No. 1186, $5), robustly sung by Leonard Warren. Among the titles included are "Blow the Man Down," "Rio Grande," "The Dreamer and the Cook," "Haul A-Way Joe," the superb "Shenandoah," "Lowlands," etc. in choral arrangements by Tom Scott which are imaginative but not artificial. Warren has rarely sounded so well, relative either to words or music.

For the globe trotter, there is "Around the World," in which Tom Glazer is the tour director (Young People's Records 701, unbreakable, $1.69). The travel experiences are realistically portrayed, and the child will enjoy participating in them. Less attractive is an item for the "air minded" titled "Let's Fly to Mexico" (Capitol C 71, $3.15). Margaret O'Brien's voice is rather choppy, none too clear in this, the story material stereotyped. However, to take the "stay at home" out of himself, we can recommended "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp" (Victor Youth Series Y 364, non-breakable $2.37) in which Turhan Bey spreads a carpet of words truly magical. As the child listens, he will be absorbing themes from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherezade," a useful by-product in itself. These, incidentally, are well-played, and the recorded sound is good.

Of other matter, there is much that is interesting. "Sparky and His Magic Piano" (Capitol BC 73, $2.78) is an engrossing tale woven around selections from Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Beethoven, etc. The pianist is Ray Turner, and his playing is expert. It should be mentioned that, for once, more than snatches are heard. Henry Blair personifies Sparky. An engaging approach to American songs associated with celebrated holidays is offered in "American Almanac" (May, Young People's Record Club, unbreakable, $1.69), with the admirable Tom Glazer again the interpreter. National holidays in various sections of the country are represented, covering the span of the year. Other recent productions from the same source, not previously mentioned here, are "Waltzing Elephant" (Y.P.R.C. 715, unbreakable, $1.69), which contrasts the two fundamental pulses of music-walking (duple) and waltzing (triple) time— and "Jazz Band" (Y.P.R. 410, unbreakable, $1.69), which outlines the background of jazz music, from African sources. Canada Lee, Kenneth Spencer, and Teddy Wilson are involved in the latter, though it is inevitable, perhaps, that the story should be a little over-simplified.

Parents who prefer story material will find it available in "Sleeping Beauty," of the "Let's Pretend" series (Columbia M. J. 45, $3.15). Neila Mack directs the well-qualified cast, and the musical background is adequate for the occasion. Maurice Brown, who composed the original music, also directs the orchestra. In another vein, there is "Prince Valiant and the Outlaws" (Victor Youth Series Y 611, unbreakable $4.36), in which Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., relates a tale from the days of King Arthur. His performance is excellent, but the material is lacking in interest, too episodic for consecutive attention. In addition, the presentation is noisier than necessary. MARIE L. MUTCH.

Lillie Bouquet

LILLIE, BEATRICE: *"Souvenir Album." Decca album* 633, $3.15.

Between learning her "Inside USA" songs and recording them in the chilly December hours of the Petrillo hush, Miss Lillie found time to provide Decca with these six items—none of which she had to learn, all of them from her own inimitable repertory. For that matter, "inimitable" seems to be the inevitable word when talking either of Miss Lillie or her repertory, both without parallel.

The favorites released for present consumption include "Wind 'Round My Heart," in her best serio-comic vein, the giddy "Oh! For a Night in the Ballroom," "Clop! Clip! Clop!," "Honey Ma Love," "The Yodeling Goldfish," and "Lady Windermere's Fan." The latter is a rather broad approach to a well-known subject, but Miss Lillie manages it adroitly, as she does the well-shafted archery of "Clop! Clip! Clop!," However, "Wind 'Round My Heart" with its gasps and mock tragedy, is something obviously more Bea-loved than the rest. I. K.

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HITS AND MISSES

THE ONSET of summer is perhaps the best time of all to appreciate the older song writers—the starry season favors their songs and the old boys make it very easy to be fond. They are, after all, rather special. For instance, the only superlative American number which this department recalls as coming out of World War II was a poignant love song "I'm Getting Tired, So I Can Sleep," by a practised hand named Irving Berlin. Considering his efforts during World War I, he might have been excused from duty, but what other popular composer comes to mind in connection with the events of 1941-45 except the German master who devised "Lili Marlene"? We have no intention at this moment of inquiring as to why the aging Berlins and Rodgerses seem unreplaceable, but would merely suggest that, so far as we know, no truly satisfying record of "I'm Getting Tired" has yet been made (Crosby and Como papers please copy), and that Irving Berlin is newly and nicely if not sensationally represented by "It Only Happens When I Dance With You," smoothly offered by Perry Como (RCA-Victor 20-2888-B, 75¢).

There is also that delectable California veteran, Nacio Herb Brown. For those who do not rise immediately to those exotic syllables, I will add that he is the composer of "When Buddha Smiles," "Pagan Love Song," and "Paradise." His newest score for an MGM film called "On an Island with You" contains some characteristic moments; his forte was always the simple but romantically striking distribution of common chords, and you will find a sample in "Takin' Miss Mary to the Ball," admirably presented by Helen Carroll and The Satisfiers (RCA-Victor 20-2868-A, 75¢)—superficially this may sound like just one more "Oklahoma!" derivative, but it is thoroughgoing music by a popular master. His talents if not his richest strain are also evident in other works from the same show: "Charisse" and "On an Island with You" by Xavier Cugat (Columbia 38194, 75¢) and "If I Were You" by Freddy Martin's band (RCA-Victor 20-2867-A, 75¢).

Note

Two features not included this month—"The Basic Library" and "The Jazz Beat"—will be resumed in the next issue.

Nacio Herb Brown's tunes always implied to this department that there were areas of warm beach looking on luminous water which, in the Twenties, were a good deal more desirable than the gross absorptions of bond selling. The current bull market, one hopes, may breed another such repertory of escape music. And the tone of the Twenties can already be heard in "Your Heart and Mine," an elegant tune with a haunting vamp accompaniment, rendered in honest, Coolidge-era style by Bob Hannon and the Roy Ross Quintette (Apollo 1097, 79¢). This we regard as the find of the month; the composers' names, Woodward and Harris, are unknown to us, but we would not be surprised to discover that they had arrived at the musical art via some lakeside dance pavilion in the days when Isham Jones was a greater name than Kostelanetz.

Speculation in this corner has often revolved around the engrossing if idle question as to which celebrity in popular music has gotten farthest with the least equipment. Surely it would be difficult to top Eddie Cantor's triumph over lack of talent, until one recalls Al Jolson—and in the second flight there is the impressively giftless Harry Richman. In moments of sober analysis we have sometimes approached the conclusion that the secret of these pluggers lies in the domain of sheer force: let any man cannonade a song at an average audience with sufficient muzzle velocity and a goodly percentage of that audience—such being the weakness of the race—will be bowled over by the kinetic energy demonstrated. We were present when Harry Richman first hurled "The Birth of the Blues" over the footlights (with gestures reminiscent of the President pitching out the season's first baseball) and he now heaves it again in an album (Decca A-632, $3), together with other Richmanian favorites such as "On the Sunny Side of the Street," "Singing a Vagabond Song," and "Puttin' on the Ritz." We feel now, as we felt then, that we have never heard more grotesque exaggerations of popular musical sentiment. While on the subject of difficult artistic phenomena, we note that the harmonica virtuoso Borrah Minevitch and his Rascals have done eight sides (Decca A-236, $3.75) which are recommended strictly to fanciers of this sub-instrument; we ourselves find the device inadequate to agreeable musical purposes except in the case of certain deep Southern Negro mouth organists. The Minnevitch technique is, of course, fabulous.

The month's singles include a pleasant version of the old favorite "Little Girl" by Larry Green's orchestra (RCA-Victor 20-2813, 75¢); Dinah Shore is altogether too maudlin for this taste in a pair of tested tearjerkers, "I'll Be Seeing You" and "I Get Along Without You Very Well" (Columbia 38201, 75¢); Tommy Dorsey, whose recent orchestral efforts have rivaled the Buick transmission for complexity, manages a fairly simple and fetching "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" (RCA-Victor 20-2904-A, 75¢); and that man Crosby, with his bandman Trotter, will hurt very few feelings with "I'll Remember April" (Decca 24413A, 75¢).

WILDER HOBSON.

Good Bard, Good Gielgud

SOLILOQUIES FROM "HAMLET," *by William Shakespeare, read by John Gielgud.* (Decca album AU 7, $5.10.)

THESE are the famous soliloquies of Hamlet (except "Now could I do it pat") delivered by John Gielgud, with a few other parts of the role for good measure. Thus, a segment of Hamlet's speech to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern on the subject of their mission at court, and some of the wild words that Hamlet tosses off when he leaps into Ophelia's grave in the last act of the play. The lines are read by John Gielgud with fine understanding, good voice, and practically perfect diction.

Since Hamlet is a tragic play and these are some of the intense lines of the tragedy, the emotion runs high at almost every turn of the platter. Such concentration on successive sides may give the listener the impression that John Gielgud is, against the advice of Hamlet, tearing a passion to tatters now and then whereas, spaced at greater intervals on the stage, such delivery would be good Shakespeare. It might be well to play one side of one record and let the other side go until the listener cools off a bit and is ready for another round of intense emotion. In short, the album (two records) might be better enjoyed on the instalment plan. It is, however, fine Shakespeare if you like Shakespeare, and the suspicion after all these years is that some do.

JOHN KIERAN.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Ambrose, Bert: "Jazz Pizzicato" and "Jazz Legato." London 10012, $1.05.	Leroy Anderson, whose "Fiddle Faddle" is enjoying favor at the moment, is the composer of these "novelties," which are by David Rose out of Raymond Scott. In any case, they indicate that Bert Ambrose, who had one of the best English orchestras prior to the war, is back in business, even though he is no longer playing jazz—titles to the contrary. The recording is superb.
Beneke, Tex: "Meadowlands." Victor 20-2898, 75¢.	Three years or so ago, this recording would have been hailed as a sound contribution to Russo-American relations—now, however, it is no more than a brilliant instance of American orchestral virtuosity, a little indiscriminately applied. Jerry Gray's arrangement is full of beans, and vodka too. The pop on the reverse—"Making Love Mountain Style"—is a perfect replica of what its title suggests.
Camarata, Toots: "Rumbalero." London R. 10011, $1.05.	The method of Ravel's "Bolero" applied to a tune of the "Rumboogie" school—with more than a little of Carmen Cavallaro in the background. Great musical trouble for slight results, though the sound of them, in London's reproduction, is worth hearing.
Durante, Jimmy: "The Day I Read a Book." MGM 30084, 75¢.	If Rubinstein can compose a "Sinatra," and Eye-turbi an Eetude, then Durante is entitled to his "Chidabee Chee"—a prelude to his "Symphony 7⅛"—which he rasps through in typical style. Its partner, noted across the column, is a libel on "Durante, Patron of the Arts."
Krupa, Gene: "Stompin' at the Savoy" and "Body and Soul." Columbia 38214, 75¢.	Two familiar tunes from Krupa's Goodman-background, done in trio style, with Charley Ventura's tenor sax varying the instrumental combination of the Thirties. That, incidentally, is the best element of the sides, especially in "Body and Soul," for the pianists (Walker and Napoleon) are not notable, and the Krupa drums need a little more urging than his partners here provide.
Morales, Noro: "Llegaste" and "Morena." MGM 10203, 75¢.	A guaracho and a beguine of the standard associated with this excellent ensemble. Neither is startling Afro-Cubana, but both are listenable, sitting or standing—a critical demand not always fulfilled by Latin orchestras. MGM's surfaces are something less than the best.
Noble, Ray: "Happy Anniversary." Columbia C 160, $3.90.	If Noble feels that a dramatic device—"eight anniversaries in the life of a couple very much in love"—is desirable as an excuse for new recordings of such standards as "Perfidia," "Yesterdays," "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans," Fibich's "Poeme," plus his own "I Hadn't Anyone But You" and "Goodnight Sweetheart" (twice), that is his own business. We have nothing but admiration for the suave, stylistic way in which the music is delivered, but the dialogue by Cathy and Elliott Lewis is icing on the cake. We don't like icing, but if Noble will make a record of every Porter tune as good as "Easy to Love," we'll be glad to praise them all.
Rich, Buddy: "A Man Could Be a Wonderful Thing." MGM 10174, 75¢.	As well as indicating his growth as a dispenser of palatable dance rhythms, this disc shows that Rich has better than average ability as a vocalist. Likewise "Tacos, Enchilados, and Beans"—both gaining from the circumstance that singing curtails some of the wilder instincts of Rich as a drummer—a good thing to these ears. The recording is better than MGM's usual.
Shelton, Ann: "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes." London 210, 79¢.	Unless this, and previous discs, are completely deceptive, Miss Shelton is that rara avis of popular singers—one with a voice. That, of course, may be just a micro-mirage, but certainly not the feeling and taste with which she performs both this tune and "Where Flamingos Fly." Camarata does handsomely with the accompaniments, and, as usual, London's recording is peerless.
Wilson, Teddy: "Sheik of Araby." Musicraft 547, 79¢.	In a properly organized society, Teddy Wilson would spend each morning of every day—when he felt like it—making records of some tune that appealed to him. Since that is no immediate prospect, one can welcome the brisk, inventive mood that possessed him when this "Sheik" was made, with the fortunate assistance of Buck Clayton on trumpet. Overside, Kay Penton sings "Something I Dreamed Last Night," in a manner worthy of other famed Wilson-accompanied vocalists.

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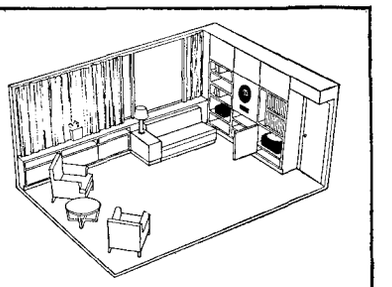

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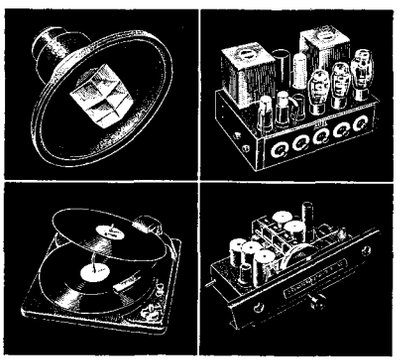

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Hobson's Choice

SIR: In a recent issue, I was distressed to observe . . . an error in associating Fred Waring's superlative glee club with the wrong college. He has no connection with "the rugged institution on the Schuylkill," but he has a long and close association with Pennsylvania State College, located at State College, Pa. in the heart of the Alleghanies. In fact he has recently been made a trustee of that great institution.

BEATRICE A. PARK.

Winburne, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We regretfully deprive one great institution of a famous alumnus and cordially restore him to his alma mater. Let the Nittany Lion roar again!*

To Be Frank?

SIR: One wonders how much the vocally untutored and banal Sinatra is paying your correspondent ("Hits and Misses") for the many quite openly and obviously commercial plugs that the said Banality Boy is receiving in that column.

VICTOR HENRY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *From the yacht given to him by Sinatra, on which he is now cruising Southern waters, Hobson radiograms: "Returning July 1. Have loot ready."*

More "Gurre-Lieder"

SIR: Add my name to the list of those clamoring for the reissue of "Gurre-Lieder." The well-worn copy owned by the University has recently been wire-recorded for playing over the dormitory "radio" system. As a result, I know half a dozen persons who, having heard the work, would eagerly purchase a copy of Schönberg's early masterpiece. . . .

ALAN C. L. MCPHERRON.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: I heard Schönberg's "Gurre-Lieder" once several years ago and have not been able to repeat this experience. It is probably futile to try to influence such a large concern as a record company, but I would like to add my voice to the demand for reissuing of this work.

A. R. THOMPSON.

Ludington, Mich.

SIR: I should like to know why so significant a work as the Schönberg "Gurre-Lieder" should not be reissued. After all!

JANET W. LOGAN.

Buffalo, N. Y.

SIR: I am anxious to add Schönberg's "Gurre-Lieder" to my record collection, and ask that you add my name to the request for a reissue. This is indeed a work worthy of such consideration. I believe.

URSULA WALZ.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR: We are very much interested in the recording of Schönberg's "Gurre-Lieder" and would like to see this volume reissued.

ANNA KLINGSBERG.
HAROLD E. APPLEGATE.

New Brunswick, N. J.

SIR: Although you have possibly printed your last correspondence concerning the "Gurre-Lieder" there is perhaps the possibility that your mail on this album will become impressive enough to warrant its being relayed to RCA Victor. Some months ago, an ad appearing in your "Record Mart" asked for a number of items which I was able to supply your correspondent. In the exchange of mail that followed I informed Mrs. Lowry that Victor had written to me that it expected to release the "Gurre-Lieder" album, so I was of course surprised when her letter to you was coupled with a statement from Victor that the album was not going to be made available.

Disgusted with Victor's policy regarding its reserve of wonderful material, . . . I am depending more and more on "Soundmirror" tape which I prepare from "borrowed" discs; in exchange for the use of friends' hard-to-find records, I make my own library available to others who use a tape recorder to bolster their music collections.

More power to you, and to the influence of RECORDINGS.

LOUIS DUERMYER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: Put my name down too. Nobody should be without it!

ROCHELLE GIRSON.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The oddity of people being driven to duplicate, without purchase, what they are unable to buy in a shop is perhaps a reasonable peculiarity of so peculiar a thing as the record business, but no one not addicted to disks could understand it. Perhaps holding a "Soundmirror" up to the nature of the record catalogue will have a more affirmative effect than anything else.*

Concerning Collecting

SIR: I was very much intrigued by the piece "Reprise, Ad Lib." Let's have more articles on popular records which are collector's items today.

MRS. H. MACEY.

Cresco, Pa.

SIR: Though I've been a collector of hard-to-get recordings for several years, I never knew that Gershwin made records with the Astaires . . . ditto Cole Porter, Grace Hayes, Clifton Webb. Very interesting. Perhaps the author of the article could tell me where the devil to find these stage discs which I have been hunting.

CAL MULLER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Does Macy's tell Gimbels? They wouldn't be collector's items if they could be found by direction. However Mr. Bronner is preparing a paper titled "Through the Attic with Fine Tooth Comb" as a primer on record hunting, to be followed by a more advanced thesis, "Cut-Outs I Have Known."*

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
ATLANTA				
(*Tyler's Gramophone Shop*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Inside U. S. A. (RCA)	Die Junge Nonne (EDA)	Mozart Requiem (Cet)
BERKELEY, CALIF.				
(*Berkeley Music House*)	Little White Lies (D)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Bachianas Brasileiras (C)	Mozart G Major Quartet—K.387 (EDA)
BIRMINGHAM				
(*Stairway to Music*)	Little White Lies (D)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Libiamo (C)	Peter Grimes (EDA)
BOSTON				
(*Boston Music Co.*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Memory Lane (RCA)	Sabre Dance (C)	Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1 (RCA)
(*Chas. W. Homeyer*)	You Can't Be True (R)	Dorothy Shay (C)	Sabre Dance (C)	Eroica (RCA)
(*Mosher Music Co.*)	Put 'em in a Box (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Fiddle-Faddle (RCA)	Peter Grimes (EDA)
CHICAGO				
(*Hudson Ross, Inc.*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	Gayne ballet (C)
(*Lyon & Healy*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Stan Kenton (Cap)	Sabre Dance (C)	Tchaikovsky No. 4 (RCA)
CINCINNATI				
(*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	You Can't Be True (R)	Stan Kenton (Cap)	Agathe's Prayer—Freischutz (P)	Mozart Requiem (Cet)
DALLAS				
(*The Record Shop*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	In Questa Tomba—Turandot (Eng C)	The Planets (HMV)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	Sleeping Beauty (RCA)
DETROIT				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Maybe You'll Be There (D)	Stan Kenton (Cap)	Libiamo (C)	El Salon Mexico (RCA)
HOUSTON				
(*The Record Shop*)	You Can't Be True (R)	Harry Warren (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	Scottish Fantasy (RCA)
KANSAS CITY, MO.				
(*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Carousel (D)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Rachmaninoff No. 2 (RCA)
LOS ANGELES				
(*Birkel-Richardson Co.*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Annie Get Your Gun (D)	Bachianas Brasileiras (C)	Sleeping Beauty (RCA)
MEMPHIS				
(*Words & Music*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	Immolation (RCA)
MINNEAPOLIS				
(*Don Leary's, Inc.*)	You Can't Be True (R)	Busy Fingers (RCA)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Beethoven No.9 (RCA)
NEW ORLEANS				
(*Van Husen Music Co*)	You Can't Be True (R)	Fingerbustin' (L)	Fiddle-Faddle (RCA)	Grieg Concerto (C)
NEW YORK				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Libiamo (C)	Schumann Concerto (C)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Sabre Dance (C)	Masquerade (C)
(*Haynes Griffin*)	You Can't Be True (D)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Fledermaus (RCA)	La Bohême (C)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Inside U. S. A. (RCA)	Fledermaus (RCA)	Sleeping Beauty (RCA)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Inside U. S. A. (RCA)	Sabre Dance (C)	Gayne ballet (C)
(*Rabson's*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Stan Kenton (Cap)	Hirt auf dem Felsen (RCA)	Bach arias (Vox)
OMAHA				
(*Lyon & Healy*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Stan Kenton (Cap)	Sabre Dance (C)	Gayne ballet (C)
PHILADELPHIA				
Jacobs Bros.)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Fingerbustin' (L)	Rosenkavalier Waltzes (RCA)	The Comedians (C)
(*The Record Shop*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Erna Sack Album (L)
PITTSBURGH				
(*National Record Mart*)	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Stan Kenton (Cap)	Sabre Dance (C)	Music to Remember (RCA)
PORTLAND, ME.				
(*Cressey & Allen*)	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Busy Fingers (RCA)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Chopin Etudes (RCA)
PORTLAND, ORE.				
(*Sherman Clay*)	Little White Lies (D)	Stan Kenton (Cap)	Sabre Dance (C)	Levant Popular Moderns (C)
ROCHESTER, N. Y.				
(*Esler's*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	La Campanella (RCA)	Strauss Waltzes (C)
ST. LOUIS				
(*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Nature Boy (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Grieg Concerto (C)

Key: C—Columbia Cap—Capitol Cet—Cetra D—Decca EDA—English Decca HMV—His Master's Voice L—London P—Parlophone R—Rondo RCA—RCA Victor

Leaders: The solid front for "Nature Boy" which showed twenty-four stores last month has faltered a bit, totaling now only eighteen. "You Can't Be True," a product of the independent called Rondo, is reported by six stores. Among popular albums, the "Songs of Our Times" series continues in favor with thirteen stores, with 1932 most often bought, and 1926 next. Among individual albums Stan Kenton's progressive jazz is preferred in seven shops. Though the "Sabre Dance" remains the most popular single record in the classical field, favor has shifted somewhat to the Columbia issue, eleven of the fifteen reports specifying it. What strong sentiment of buying there is among classical albums remains with the "Gayne" ballet, now down to three, on a par with "Sleeping Beauty."

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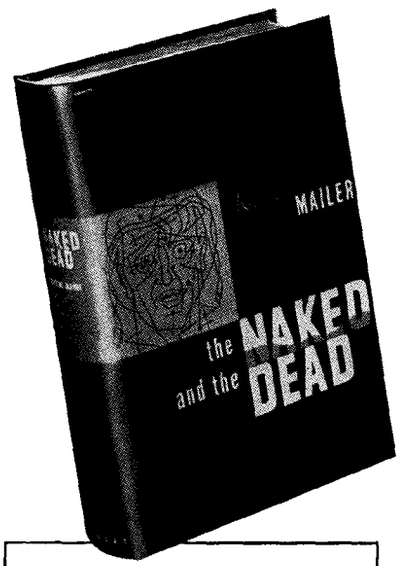

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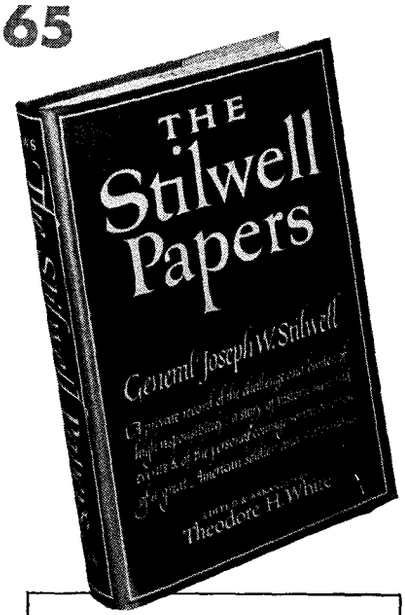

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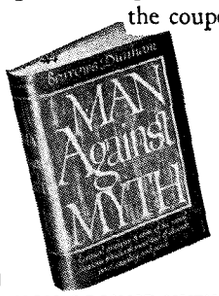

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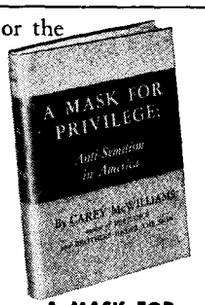

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